VISTA GRANDE
CROCKER TRACT

COLMA RECORD

HILLCREST
MISSION TRACT

BY J. L. BROWN. COLMA, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1910. VOL. 2. NO. 6.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTH END TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

The Butchers are to have a picnic at Biggio Park Sunday.

Harry Lambert made a business trip to San Jose Sunday.

Miss Frances Behre, visited her sister in Alameda last week.

Try the Acme Quality Paints at the Spring Valley Lumber Yard. *

Miss Ethel Brown, of 509 Melrose street, is visiting in San Jose.

C. J. Zulk, who has been quite ill, is reported as improving rapidly.

The Hillcrest Boys' Club gave a social at Font's Hall last evening.

Jack Leslie has moved into the A. B. Clark house on Myrtle street.

Mrs. A. J. Spring and son, Arthur, visited her sister in Martinez Sunday.

The Mission Turnverein hold their annual picnic at Luchven garden Sunday.

Wm. Williams, of Vista Grande, will spend the summer in Nevada seeking health.

Mission Tract Grocery for the purest food, square dealing and courteous treatment. *

Hon. John Daly was circulating around among his friends on the hill Wednesday.

The Spring Valley Lumber Yard for the Acme Quality of Paints—the best in the world. *

Those wishing to register can do so by calling on Phil Fahy, at White House, Colma.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cimanond, Crocker Tract, have gone to Fruitvale for a month's vacation.

The picnic at Biggio's last Sunday is reported to have been a very nice and orderly affair.

First-class union printing right here at home. Quick work and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. *

The Mission Tract Grocery now has a delivery. Orders solicited and goods promptly delivered. *

Ed. Benecke, an old-time typographical friend of the Record editor, made a pleasant call Monday.

The Ladies' Aid will meet next Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Cairns, on Los Angeles avenue.

John Galway and family have moved to Ocean View. Nice people and Colma hates to lose them.

Mrs. Gust Johnson and daughter, Audrey, returned Monday from a week's visit in Sacramento.

The Record wishes to acknowledge a nice favor from Gus Jelinskey, one of our genial Colma friends.

The Record is prepared to print your election cards with union label and first-class in every particular.

The Mission Tract Grocery is now handling the Genuine Coulson Poultry Feeds of the Western Feed Co. *

The Colma Ladies' Aid met Wednesday, May 4, with Mrs. Geo. Wight, on F street, and had an enjoyable time.

The new Vista Grande Meat Market has a meat cart, and will solocit orders and then deliver meat at your home. *

Williard and Williford Christensen, with their friend, Paul Schultz, spent Sunday with Mrs. Duffy, 517 Knowles street.

The Mission Tract Grocery carries the High-Grade "Peacock" Family Flour and every other first-class article of food. *

The M. W. of A. meet this evening at Ryan's Hall. The camp starts their new ritual and several candidates are to be initiated.

An automobile, said to belong to Tex Rickard, took fire Sunday afternoon near Vista Grande and was completely destroyed.

Chas. R. Rey, of Hillcrest, is away this week as a delegate to the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows at Fresno, and is expected home Monday.

Hillcrest Boys' Club Will Entertain.

"The Hillcrest Boys' Club, though but recently organized, has already accomplished much good and demonstrated its value as an educational and high-grade social factor for the benefit of the youth of this vicinity. It is the desire of the boys to provide for themselves a nice reading room, where they may meet in pleasant social intercourse and spend their evenings in a beneficial manner instead of roaming the streets, an object that is certainly most commendable. During their leasure daylight hours, they will engage in athletic sports that are healthful to both mind and body and it is proposed to establish and maintain a moral standing that is bound to result in general good to the entire community. These boys are showing themselves to be brave little men, whose efforts are surely deserving of encouragement and they should be assisted in every way possible to make their benefit entertainment at Knowles Hall, Hillcrest, Saturday evening, May 21, a complete financial success. 'Tis too good a cause to miss the opportunity."

L. Bocci has begun the erection of a fine reinforced concrete building opposite the Colma Hotel. San Francisco is growing this way.

Mrs. Jess Redding, 513 Knowles street, entertained Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Redding, of Berkeley, and Mrs. Ira Leslie, of Oakland, Sunday.

Peter Stampanoni, of the firm of Stampanoni Bros., Colma, who has been in poor health for several years, is very ill and not expected to live.

Supervisor Casey, wife and daughters, accompanied by Dr. Beattle and wife, will go to Halfmoon Bay Saturday to remain over Sunday on a picnic trip.

Esther, the little three-year-old daughter of John Johnson, Hillcrest, died Sunday of pneumonia, and was buried at Mt. Olivet Tuesday afternoon.

Colma's Jack Burke sends greetings from Merced to the Record, saying he is having an enjoyable time and extends best wishes to all the boys at home.

Mrs. Joseph Leverton is away on a pleasure and business trip to Montana. Her husband is proprietor of the monumental works near Nine-mile House.

The First Grand Ball of El Camelo Parlor, No. 181, N. D. G. W., is announced to take place at Colma Hall Saturday evening, May 14th. Tickets 25 cents. *

Do you know the genial J. V. Brink, who resides at 705 Mission Road? Well, his face is all warped beyond recognition with laughing—it's a ten-pound girl.

The people of Hillcrest are still enduring the damnable conditions and imposition of the American Real Estate Co., in failing to supply them with water.

The Record's new job printing department is meeting with good success, and the high grade of work that is being turned out is reeciving universal praise. *

Daniel F. Mac Devitt and Ray Diggs, two of San Francisco's most artistic printers, came out Sunday and joined the Record editor on a fishing trip to Mussel Rock.

For Sale.—The furniture and carpets of the late Dr. L. B. Holmes. Call at the residence, on Price street, corner of Mission road, and opposite School street. *

Dr. P. D. Rowland of the German Hospital has office hours in the Knowles building, Hillcrest, from 7 to 8 p. m. Residence, 117 Peoria street, Crocker Tract. *

Sam'l Cerf, of Vista Grande, has succeeded in his efforts to obtain a situation with the United Railroads, and is now a full fledged conductor and is making good time.

Miss Stella Arwin, a former deaconess of the Vista Grande M. E. church, is of the graduating class at the San Francisco National Training School, on June 6, at Grace Church.

An automobile collided with a telephone pole near the Nine-mile House Saturday, badly damaging the machine and gave the occupants a hard shaking up, one child being quite badly bruised.

Don't fail to attend the Native Daughters' First Grand Ball at Colma Hall on Saturday evening, May 14th. The ladies are making extensive preparations and an unusual fine time is certain.

WE NEED INCORPORATION

Annexation to San Francisco Would Increas the Already Too Heavy Tax Burden of this Locality

We Need Incorporation for Self Protection and A More Rapid Advancement of Colma District---Self Government Will Enable Us To Get Things

Colma has her new postmaster at last. G. W. Taylor, the gentlemanly agent of the S. P., finally received his credentials, and took charge and moved the office to the depot last Sunday.

No need to go to the city for **Job Printing.** The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results. *

H. L. Carmichael, the enterprising Mission Tract Groceryman, certainly is up to snuff. Pure goods, greatest variety, neatest display, reasonable prices. Orders solicited and goods delivered everywhere. *

Next Sunday morning will be Decision Sunday at the Vista Grande M. E. Church. The sermon will be especially for children, and parents desiring their children to join the church are requested to attend.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week. *

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.*

Cale Coakley's road house was broken into Saturday night and two machines and the telephone box were broken open and rifled of their contents, amounting to in the neighborhood of $50. The damage done was at least $100.

The Colma Record has added a new and complete up-to-date job office and judging from some of the work seen at this office, the man behind the type is fully competent to execute work in the proper style.—Halfmoon Bay Coastside News.

A. E. Kirkpatrick, of Princeton, Ind., who arrived about two weeks ago on a visit to his brother, C. A. Kirkpatrick, is so well pleased with the situation here that he has decided to remain and engage in the real estate business with C. A.

The Juvenile Minstrel entertainment at Grace Church last Friday evening was a pleasant and financial success and the boys played their parts in a truly creditable manner. Mrs. P. D. Rowland also comes in for much praise because of her efficiency in training the boys.

The San Francisco Union Tea Co. announces the opening of their Branch Store and Premium at Vista Grande. First-class line of Teas, Coffees, Olive Oils, etc., at the most reasonable prices. Beautiful Premiums given with every purchase. 514 Garden street, cor. Merced avenue. *

Mrs. Louisa G. Fall, a native of Germany, and a resident of California since 1864, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Rith, 334 Railroad Ave., Vista Grande, Monday, aged 73 years. The funeral took place Wednesday, conducted by Rev. Raiston and the body was incinerated at Cypress Lawn.

The Fire Commissioners, Messrs. Frank Smack, H. H. Smith and Dennis Quillinan, recently appointed by the Supervisors to form a fire district in the territory composed of Vista Grande, Mission Tract and Hillcrest, have organized, and seem alert in their efforts to protect the residents from fire. They will require all dry grass removed from yards, and chimney inspectors with badges will soon be appointed. As soon as it is possible to arrange matters, an election will be called, as required by law, designating the limits to be included in this Fire District.

By giving your job printing to the Record, you thereby assist your home paper and enable it to more effectually assist you and your interests in this locality. If you get your printing elsewhere, you get nothing in return compared to the assistance that the Record can and will give you if you will just "tote fair." *

The service of the Vista Grande postoffice is certainly excellent. A letter mailed either at the office or in the box at the corner of Mission and Hillcrest Drive, any time during the night, will be taken up in time to arrive in the city for all the outbound morning trains, or for delivery to any part of San Francisco before noon.

Benson's Career Ended.

San Francisco.—John A. Benson, indicted in 1900 with Dr. Edward B. Perrin, for unlawful acquirement of public timber lands in Tehama county, and who was recently released after serving a term in the county jail, dropped dead Sunday afternoon at a roadhouse on the San Ramon road, near Walnut creek, Contra Costa county. The death of Benson marks the closing chapter in a life that has been full of incidents. He began as a school teacher, became a land surveyor, land agent, and then land lawyer. For more than 20 years, Government agents attempted to find him in irregularities. He was finally sentenced to one year's imprisonment. His conviction cost the Government $400,000. Benson's defense cost him $95,000 in cash and $250,000 in the canceling of land entries and suppression of title.

To Graft 504 Inches of Skin.

Vancouver, Wash.—A skin-grafting operation of unusual proportions has been undertaken on Otto Johnson, a railroad employe of this city, who was seriously burned on the left leg between the hips and ankle some weeks ago by the explosion of an oil stove. The area to be covered amounts to 504 square inches. About 100 of his fellow employes will contribute the skin necessary. The skin grafting will continue weekly until the whole of the burned area is covered.

Pie Ruins Children's Stomachs.

Los Angeles.—Habitual pie eating is ruining the stomachs of thousands of school children, according to an alarming report made by the Civic Association, after research by its school lunch committee. The committee of women will now try to circumvent the danger by urging the passage of an ordinance curtailing the privileges of peripatetic pie vendors who are doing a lucrative business.

Insurance Welchers Lose in Court.

San Francisco.—The insurance companies who did not pay their fire losses received another jolt in the United States Circuit Court last week when verdicts for $122,015.10 were rendered against the Palatine, Alliance and Commercial Union companies. Eleven suits had been consolidated and tried by one jury. The jury in all but two cases found that the fires were not caused from the earthquake of April 18, 1906.

Movement for State Development.

San Francisco.—The Counties Committee of the California Development Board will meet at Grass Valley on June 4. The subjects of discussion will be "Mining in California" and "Co-operation of Local Organizations." It is hoped to make the meeting the starting point of the greatest movement ever instituted for State development.

Help the Census Enumeration.

Census Enumerators, C. A. Kirkpatrick and Herman Frank, will conclude the work during the coming week, an extension of time having been given in order that a full count can be obtained. Much difficulty has been experienced because of a seeming lack of interest, or neglect, on the part of the people, so that it is feared that the count will fall far short of what it should be. To assist in this matter, the enumerators have left blanks with families and individuals to be filled out and mailed to them, and this article is inspired for the purpose of urging that every person who has been thus served, fill out their blanks at once and mail them to the Vista Grande or Colma postoffice, or, if more convenient, they may be left at the Record office. This is a most important matter and everybody should interest themselves in assisting the Colma district to get its proper standing with regard to population.

U. R. Motorman Not to Blame.

Another street car accident, on Mission road, near Los Angeles avenue, Monday, in which car No. 1230 collided with a hack that was returning from a funeral. One wheel was struck by the car causing the hack to turn over and the occupants were badly bruised and lacerated by broken glass from the window. This is one time where the fault was not with the motorman, who blew his whistle and did his utmost to avert the accident, while the driver and the occupants of the hack, including the women, seemed well ginned up. The hack was on the wrong side of the street, and the driver did not seem to make any effort to get out of the way of the car.

Our Street Car Time Schedule.

For the convenience of its readers, the Record has compiled a Time Schedule, giving the departure of cars from Hillcrest (the 5-cent car limit) bound toward the city, via the three lines: "San Mateo-Suburban," "Cemeteries" and "Ocean View." There are 238 cars each way, 476 in all, every 24 hours, besides the 30-minute owl-car service after midnight, and all these cars stop at the Record office. This schedule will be printed on business cards when desired, and appear from time to time in the paper, beginning next week. *

The "Wise Guy" Makes a Visit.

What do you think of a "Wise Guy" who will sneak into an opponent's place of business during the proprietor's absence, tell the boy in charge that the place stinks and assert that he, or "it," will put the concern out of business in three weeks, and then wind up by trying to hire the boy away from the place? For further particulars, inquire at the new Vista Grande Meat Market, the place that solicits orders and then delivers meat at your homes. *

Dr. F. J. H. Bush, Dentist.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush opened up his Dental Parlors in the Knowles Building, Monday, March 14, 1910, with office hours from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. on week days, and from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m Sundays, and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Dr. Bush is a first-class dentist in every branch of his profession, and always gives perfect satisfaction. *

Damages for Breach of Promise.

Santa Cruz.—An order of judgment for $2000 was rendered by Judge L. F. Smith in the case of Adelaide L. Badour against Matteo Secondo of Watsonville. The action was to recover damages for breach of promise of marriage. Secondo is a wealthy and prominent orchardist.

Death of Famous Thomas Byrnes.

New York.—Thomas Byrnes, who as head of the New York detective department came to be known all over the civilized world as one of the greatest thief-catchers the country ever produced, died Sunday from chronic indigestion and gastritis.

Stork Brings Three Boys and a Girl.

Sycamore, Ill.—De Kalb county's birth record was broken Sunday when to Mr. and Mrs. John Alfred Johnson were born quadruplets, three boys and a girl, each weighing about four pounds.

PAPKE-THOMAS FIGHT NOT FOR COLMA ARENA

Coffroth Blocked in His Effort to Give a Benefit For Our Roads.

And The Elephant Went Tripping Along With a Tin Can Tied To His Conclusion.

The announcement Wednesday that District Attorney Bullock would not permit the Papke-Thomas bout at the Colma Arena Saturday caused quite a commotion in sporting circles, as much interest had been aroused in this contest, and besides, it was feared that its influence might effect the status of the Johnson-Jeffries fight and the game in general.

Promoter Coffroth was of course surprised and at once visited Bullock at Redwood City, who assured him that he had no personal feeling in the matter and had taken the stand because of his interpretation of the law, and he even suggested to Coffroth that he make a test case. Mr. Coffroth informs the Record that this will be done very soon, but not with the Papke-Thomas bout, which has been postponed and transferred to the Dreamland Rink in San Francisco on next Tuesday evening.

Aside from the injustice done to Mr. Coffroth and the contestants, by this interference, there is another very regretable feature that is of particular interest to the people of the Colma district, who will now lose several thousand dollars, the net proceeds of the contest, which Mr. Coffroth had very liberally announced would be given to the road fund of this district.

If the stopping of the fight here was effectual, there might be some excuse for it from a moral standpoint, but the affair takes place just the same, only in another county, and our poor roads can keep on being howled about, because of the lack of sufficient funds to keep them in proper repair. However, an elephant can go tripping along them with a tin can tied to his conclusion, without injury to the southern portion of San Mateo county.

To give an idea of the immense travel on Mission road at Hillcrest, an actual count was made during two days last week, and during the time there were 993 vehicles, wagons, etc., 827 automobiles and 119 motor cycles, an average of 970 a day.

Colma Bottling Works Again Open.

The people of the Colma District will no doubt rejoice to learn that Colma Soda Works, at Louvchen Garden, is to be opened again. Messrs. S. A. Phillips and L. J. Spiro, who have had many years of practical experience in San Francisco, have purchased the works and will conduct the concern in a first-class manner. Besides the soda waters, they will have the agency for beer, for both the wholesale and domestic trade. Both gentlemen are expert in their business and will be able to produce goods that cannot be surpassed anywhere. They expect to be ready for business next Monday, when they propose to gain a large patronage by liberal and honest methods. The plant is up-to-date in every detail, including the finest facilities for filtering water, so that their goods will be perfectly pure and good.

New Vista Grande Meat Market

The new Vista Grande Meat Market opened up Wednesday and was greeted with a large crowd of citizens, who are glad of the opportunity of obtaining **strictly pure and sanitary U. S. Government inspected meats.** This new market is equipped with modern fixtures in every particular, and with the gentlemanly treatment of Messrs. Roman & Son, the gentlemen in charge, the service will be perfect. Supervisor Jim Casey is interested in this market, and we all know that Jim always does things right. People cannot be too careful in the selection of their meats, and should take no chance of getting diseased meats.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

Airships are almost as brittle as gingerbread.

There is one thing that has not advanced in price. Talk is as cheap as ever.

Some married man must have originated the idea of sending kisses by wire.

Boston is losing many of her traditions, but she is still thankful for her baked beans.

Somebody wants to change the name of Oshkosh. Kalamazoo, Keokuk and Kankakee are pooh-poohing the idea.

Young Philander Chase Knox swears that he will go to work, if there is no other way. We don't know of any.

If in 1,000 years from now it will be possible to live 120 years it is to be hoped that it will be worth while.

The minister who has resigned his pastorate to become an umpire must expect his future audiences to talk back to him.

Cardinal Gibbons says that the rich cannot corner joy. And the poor do not have to suffer all the pain. Life is still worth living.

It will be almost impossible to counterfeit the new French bank notes, but we get this information from the designer, not from the counterfeiters.

The ways of women are past finding out. The divorced husband of an Ohio woman broke his leg and his wife came back and remarried him out of sympathy.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided that a woman possesses the inherent right to change her mind. Human nature continues to play a strong hand in Georgia.

A New York cartoonist has been ordered to pay his former wife $400 a month alimony. This will be likely to add to the number of young men who are learning to be cartoonists.

Philander Knox, Jr., has begun his career as a married man by selling two automobiles. He has evidently discovered that it will keep him busy supporting a wife on $100 a month.

Animated by a burning ambition to do good and make his countrymen happy, a distinguished investigator hastens to assure everybody that the prices of things were just as high in 1837 as they are now, if not a little higher.

Public charity is not always kind, but the order recently issued by the Boston police commissioner indicates that he understands human nature. Hereafter the names of families found in destitution are to be kept from the public and reported only to such authorities as have a right to know and a desire to give relief.

The inducements to temperance are many. A smal town recently voted to remain "dry" for fifty years in order to accept the conditional gift of a millionaire, who offered it an electric light plant, a sewerage system and, to cap the climax, a water works plant. Other improvements of less importance were included in the proviso. All in all, everybody, even the millionaire, is benefited.

Four hundred and fifty-nine dollars is the amount which a young man working as a day laborer saved in two years. He had insisted in an argument that a laborer can save money, and to prove his point announced that he would save four hundred dollars in twenty-four months. He worked for eleven different men in that time, and the highest wage he received was forty dollars a month. But he demonstrated that a man can save money if he is willing to make an effort.

Mrs. Martin W. Littleton's Bible study class has evoked many imitators in New York, and society women, we are told by veracious correspondents, are enthusiastic over the new departure. Quite apart from its religious significance, the Bible is a comprehensive compendium of literary excellence in which the most capricious mind can find satisfaction. Romance, war, government, intrigue, law and civilization are all written into its wonderful pages. And, to judge from the stories that fill the newspapers, society will be none the worse for a daily chapter from the Bible. The absence of moral training from the average American school is blamed by many students of history for the present unsettled condition of public and private conscience. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that Bible reading will notably improve the present adult generation, but, if it serves only to awaken the public mind to the necessity of teaching children at least the ordinary virtues of good citizenship, great good will result.

One Dr. Steiner, Professor of Applied Christianity at Iowa College, in a recent address to the Young Men's Christian Association at Columbia University, asserted that "the nine hundred thousand immigrants who came to our shores last year served a far better purpose than an equal number of university graduates unwilling to begin work at the bottom of the ladder." This is one of those broad, sweeping assertions that learned lecturers like to make, perhaps to arouse the flagging interest of their audience and the public. The immigration question can stand upon its own bottom. This country still welcomes aliens with few limitations, and a large percentage of the influx from foreign lands become valuable citizens. But the national commissioner of immigration says that at least two hundred thousand, and probably more, of the aliens who came here last year are not wanted; that they will be of no benefit to the country, but on the contrary a detriment. In 1905 President Roosevelt, speaking of immigration, said: "Distribution of these aliens is of little value unless there is adequate restriction. These immigrants are wheedled and cajoled often against their best interests, to come her." So it seemes that our immigration laws might still be beneficially amended with a view to securing a better class of incoming population and to protecting the immigrants themselves against cajolery and fraud. As for the university graduates and the immigrants, there is no just basis of comparison between them. If the demand is for the most unskilled class of manual labor, perhaps the humble immigrant is more valuable; but a young man, native to the soil, upon whom his family have expended loving pains, as well as money, to train in the right way, and who has had the advantage of one of our great institutions of learning, ought to be more valuable in an all-round way. The complaint that scholastic graduates are not willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder is hardly tenable as applied to the whole graduating body. Most of the educated young men nowadays seem to be willing to begin at the foot, in any line they may choose, and work up. This is one of the facts which affords the most hopeful indication of the future of the country.

BASEBALL IN CANAL ZONE.

Game Has as Great a Hold There as It Has in the United States.

Baseball has become as popular here as in the United States, a New York Herald Cristobal (Panama) correspondent says. The American national game is now in its third year of prosperity.

As a matter of fact so strongly has the game taken a hold in this tropical country that little cards reading something like this are found in the offices of heads of departments: "Notice—All requests for leave of absence owing to grandmother's funeral, lame back, house cleaning, moving, sore throat, turning the wringer, headache, brain storm, cousin's wedding, birth of twins, general indisposition, etc., must be handed to the manager not later than 10 o'clock on the morning of the game."

The Americans brought the game here and it has come to stay. The natives and foreigners have begun to take an interest in the sport, and quite a few not only take part in the "rooting" for the home team, but have learned to play.

Two well organized leagues hold the chief attention, although a number of independent teams have been formed. The two leagues are the Isthmian and the Atlantic. The former is made up of teams representing Gargona, Ancon, Empire and the Marines, while the Atlantic is composed of the Commissary-Subsistence, Civil Administration, Panama Railroad and Colon. Practically all of these nines are drafted from the men working for the government, but the class of ball put up is exceptionally fast and the rivalry is intense.

The season opens with the dry season, in January, and the fight for the pennant will last until June, when the rains put in an appearance. The competition for places on the regular nines is as spirited and interesting as those which take place in the States where college men are trying for the varsity.

Many previous college ball players are here on the isthmus, and most of the teams are fully equal to the best of the college and university nines in the United States. Baseball is so American that even those who did not care much for the sport in the States take in the games here and there is no lack of support. The prices for admission in silver run from bleachers at 50 cents to the box seats at $2.00.

Easy Case for Sleuth.

A New York poet, at the Authors Club in 7th avenue, told a Coman Doyle story.

'Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," he said, "sat at a dinner on his last visit here beside a lady, who asked leave to consult him about some thefts.

"'My detective powers,' he replied, 'are at your service, madam.'

"'Well,' said the lady, 'frequent and mysterious thefts have been occuring at my house for a long time Thus, there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary and a half-dozen pieplates.'

"'Aha,' said the creator of Sherlock Holmes, 'the case, madam, is quite clear. You keep a goat.'"

Just a Reminder.

John Mitchell, at the Civic Federation's recent convention in Washington, said, apropos of manual labor:

"The man who boasts that he works with his head instead of his hands might be reminded that the woodpecker does the same, and is the biggest bore in the business."

Of Course.

"George, what is this 'Rockefeller foundation' made of?"

"Rocks, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Every man who owns a show is too prominent in it himself

GREATEST WOMAN SCIENTIST.

Mme. Curie Shares with Most Savants Faculty of Abstraction.

In a quiet little house in Paris, screened from the outer world by a high wall, lives Mme. Curie, co-discoverer with her late husband of radium. Other women who might be inclined to envy this most wonderful of feminine scientists are disarmed by her extreme modesty. When an admirer belabors her with compliments upon her achievements she smiles almost in astonishment and shrugs her shoulders as if she had done little to make a fuss about.

When, upon the death of her husband, she was appointed to a chair at the Sorbonne, the great seat of learning in Paris, it was decided by several women to present her with a testimonial. The occasion demanded it (so it was thought), for was not Mme. Curie the first woman who had ever achieved such an honor?

The scientist's reply, however, spoiled everything. She said quietly: "It would be contrary to my husband's ideas and certainly to my own." So her feminine admirers departed without leaving their testimonial behind them.

Yet, despite her modesty, it is known that she was more than a mere assistant to her husband It is, indeed, claimed that she herself was the originator of the radium discoveries. The best testimonial to her abilities came from Prof. Curie himself when he was offered the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor and refused it because the same decoration was not offered to his wife.

MADAME CURIE AND HER DISCOVERIES.

She shares with most savants that faculty of abstraction that is so valuable to those engaged in scientific work. When she is employed upon a difficult piece of research she hears nothing, sees nothing and is unmoved by anything that is not directly concerned with her investigations. It is said that once when in the middle of an absorbing experiment a servant ran into the laboratory, screaming loudly: "Madame, madame, I have swallowed a pin!" "There, there, don't cry," said Mme. Curie, soothingly, "there is another that you may have."

Mme. Curie has a sister who is a notable doctor of medicine in Austria, and as an instance of heredity it may be said that the famous scientist believes that her little daughter shows promise of even more brilliant scientific powers than herself. She is training the child with the intention of developing these talents to the utmost.

FRANCE'S OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

Act Which Propably Will Pass Follows German Lines.

The French old-age pensions scheme, the bill for which has just passed its first reading in the Senate, follows the Prussian rather than the English measure. As in Prussia, it is contributory and compulsory, workmen and employers contributing an equal amount annually.

Men are to pay $1.80, women $1.20 and persons under 18 90 cents yearly until their 65th year, when they will become entitled to a pension, which will be paid from the total contributions plus the employers' quota and a sum of $12 paid by the State. The conditions for receiving the full pension are that the worker shall have contributed to the fund for thirty years, including in the case of men the two years of military service. Those who have contributed for more than ten years and less than thirty will be entitled to a reduced pension.

Existing friendly societies which may be taken into the scheme will be authorized to collect old-age contributions from their members. They will receive from the State a contribution of 30 cents a head for sickness and insurance, plus an additional sum to cover expenses.

The working classes in France are estimated to number 11,000,000. The government has agreed with the opposition so far as to restrict the principle of compulsory contribution to town and rural wage earners, otherwise workmen in the ordinary sense of this term, and to make contribution optional to the large class of small farmers, petty land owners and part-profit cultivators (metayers), all of whom are laborers in reality. If they do not contribute they cannot benefit by the pensions scheme. These rural classes are computed at 6,000,000 in number.

Forty years hence, when the scheme is in full operation, the pensioners will have $83 a year. They will start the year after the bill is passed with $20.40 a year, the pension to rise gradually during the interval, a correspondent of the New York Sun says.

The chief newspapers on the government side predict that early in April the bill will become law, and will be regarded as the greatest achievement of the third republic, but a great many prominent poliitcians are not so optimistic. Many Senators have voted for the second reading of the bill for no other reason than getting a better opportunity of making a more systematic and concentrated attack on the compulsory clauses.

Has Pins Worth $25,000.

Led on by a love for rare and unique scarf pins, A. M. Brinckle, known throughout the country as the "scarf-pin man," arrived in Des Moines to continue his search for new designs to add to his collection, the Evening Tribune of that city says.

During the years of travel in his capacity as salesman for a Connecticut cut-glass concern Mr. Brinckle has gathered together the largest assortment of rare and beautiful scarf pins in the world. The collection contains 1,016 pins and is valued at $25,000.

Jewelers in all large cities know of Mr. Brinckle because of his fad. He is referred to in most localities as the "scarf-pin man" because of the fact that he wears so many unique pins. He declares that only once during the last fifteen years have any of his customers seen him wearing the same scarf pin. He also has a collection of 300 scarfs.

Gathering scarf pins is a hobby with Mr. Brinckle. Although unusual and costly, it has proved to be intensely interesting. A large number of the settings have a history, which the owner, with enthusiastic pride, loves to relate. The collection was recently placed on exhibition at Tiffany's in New York, where many admiring collectors offered immense sums for the rarest specimens.

Kipling in the Herring Line.

Senator Beveridge, apropos of fame, said at a Washington luncheon:

"What is fame, after all? Kipling, when he lived in Brattleboro, Vt., took a trip to Montpelier. The first evening he came down to the hotel dining room he overheard this dialogue between two waiters:

"First Waiter—Do you know who that is, George?

"Second Waiter—No. Who is it?

"First Waiter—That is the celebrated Kipperin.

"Second Waiter—What's he done?

"First Waiter—Hanged if I know. Fish line, ain't it?"

A Relief.

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon."

"That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Boston Post.

When your cow gets out, how the neighbors enjoy running in and telling you about it!

If a man's acquaintance don't know that he is in love it's a sign that he isn't.

What is one man's hobby may be another man's nightmare

LONDON TRAFFIC PROBLEMS.

Steps to Be Taken for Handling the Future Population.

The primary difficulty in handling the enormous and constantly increasing London traffic arises from the manner of London's growth through the centuries, says John L. Griffiths in Daily Consular Reports. It was not laid out as Washington was for, example, according to a definite plan, but developed in this direction or that in response to the immediate pressing need, and until recent times with little regard to future requirements. The result is an extremely picturesque city, but not one altogether adapted to the transportation needs of its vast population.

It is proposed now to make an extensive survey of the traffic necessities of the city, taking into consideration its possible future expansion, with the view of establishing great arterial traffic thoroughfares for the purpose of relieving the congestion at the center, and of furnishing adequate communication between the center and the outlying districts. To show the need of such thoroughfares it is only necessary to mention that while there are 102 miles of boulevards and avenues ninety-eight and a half feet or more wide in Paris, London has only eight and one-half miles; and while Paris has forty-two roads radiating into the country, London, with a population twice as great, has only twenty, and ordinarily they are narrower than the French roads.

The proportions of the London traffic problems are shown by the fact that 87,934 new buildings were erected in the county of London (the city embraces the entire county and portions of other counties) from 1897 to 1908, and by the further fact that in the same period 148 miles of new streets were laid out.

It is estimated that by the middle of the present year the population of greater London will number 7,500,000 people, of whom 4,873,000 will dwell within the county of London proper, and 2,627,000 outside. Upon a conservative estimate an annual addition of 100,000 may be expected to this population.

The experience of London is similar to that of all other great cities in that, for many years past, the population of the outer area has been increasing much more rapidly than in the central districts, and the difficulties of the traffic situation have been thereby seriously augmented. The total number of passengers conveyed in 1908 was 1,377,630,000, as against 972,465,682 in 1903. The total number of passengers carried in 1881 was only 269,662,649. These figures, however, are not complete, for they do not include the cab traffic, nor all of the omnibus traffic, and neither do they cover the great suburban traffic of the trunk railways.

"CANNIBALS" PAID SOCIAL CALL.

British Tramp Steamer Brings Valuable Cargo to Boston.

Steamer George Fleming, a British tramp, reached Boston this morning from Calita, Buena and Iquique, Chile, with a cargo of 57,000 bags of nitrate of soda and—a story of an adventure with "cannibals" while anchored near the Straits of Magellan, the Boston Transcript says. These alleged "cannibals" were of the Patagonian variety. The steamer anchored during the night of Jan. 31, because of the danger accompanying navigation in those waters except in fair daylight. According to those on the steamer, scores of the savages boarded the vessel late in the night. Their coming was the signal for officers and crew to arm themselves. The guns were unnecessary, however, for the "cannibals" attempted no hostilities; their leader, who was capable of speaking enough English, making it known that they simply came to visit, to pay a social call, so to speak. The visitors included several women who carried babes on their backs. All were practically naked and the weather was extremely cold, so the captain, mindful of his duty, invited them into the cabin. They didn't remain indoors very long, however, for as soon as they noticed their reflections in the various mirrors on the walls they fled, frightened, outdoors.

The male members of the party soon became familiar enough to beg for whisky and tobacco. They were furnished with some of the latter, but the captain denied them any spirits, it being against his temperate principles. In return for the favors, the savages entertained the crew with songs and dances. Just before they departed, about midnight, they were given whotever clothing those on board could spare.

Too Pointed.

Mr. Howard was a man of exceedingly few words. He positively disliked to talk, as an Indian dislikes to smile. One day, says the Washington Star, he went into a music store to buy the words of an opera for his sister. The clerk came up, and to him Mr. Howard said, in his quiet way:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that?" he asked.

"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the other.

"Me no speakee Italiano," said the clerk, shaking his head.

Caustic Conkling.

Roscoe Conkling once considered it his duty to impeach the testimony of a red nosed witness who, Mr. Conkling thought, had lied while in the witness chair. In addressing the jury Mr. Conkling spoke of him thus: "Gentlemen, I think I can see that witness now, with mouth stretching across the wide desolation of his face, a fountain of falsehood and a sepulcher of rum."

SHEAR NONSENSE

"How do you keep your razor sharp?" "Easy enough. I hide it where my wife can't find it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit at all." "But think how much worse she would look if they did."—Life.

Guest—Gracious! What long legs the new waiter has! Host—Yes, I engaged him specially for the diners who are in a hurry.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Miss Kidder—S'sh! Carrie has dyed her hair black. Don't tell anybody. Miss Askitt—Is it a secret? Miss Kidder—Yes; she wants to keep it dark. —Boston Globe.

"What part of the railway train do you regard as the most dangerous?" inquired the nervous man. "The dining car," answered the dyspeptic.—Washington Star.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she said to her husband. "You needn't hurry, now," he called up some time later. "I find that I shall have to shave again."—Detroit Free Press.

"I thought you said you told your wife everything you did." "I do." "It's mighty strange. She hasn't said a word to my wife about the $10 you borrowed from me."—Washington Star.

Patience—They say she got all her furniture on the installment plan? Patrice—She did. She has had four husbands, and she got a little furniture with each one.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—Don't you think woman's suffrage would be a fine thing? He—I know I could always persuade my wife to vote as I wanted by telling her I intended voting the other way.—Boston Globe.

"Why can't that prima donna sing more than twice a week?" "I don't know," answered the impresario, "unless it's because she tired out her vocal cords arguing with me about salary." —Washington Star.

Maud—So he had the cheek to ask my age, did he? Well, what did you tell him? Ethel—I told him I didn't know positively, but I thought you were twenty-four on your thirtieth birthday.—Boston Transcript.

"Now, your conduct during the trial may have considerable effect on the jury." "Ah, quite so," responded the ultra-swell defendant. "And should I appear interested or just mildly bored?"—Kansas City Journal.

"You say you have quit smoking?" "Yes, never going to smoke again." "Then why don't you throw away those cigars?" "Never, I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking, and it taught me a lesson."

"The way to run this country," said the egotist, "is to put thoroughly wise, capable, alert, and honest men in control of affairs." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but what are we going to do? There's only one of you."—Washington Star.

Cholly—The deuce, old chap; I cawnt go to the party. I have no collah button. Reggie—Go across the street and buy some, deah fellow. Cholly—But I caawnt. Nobody has my measurements except my tailah, dontcherknow.—Life.

Mr. Dubbs (with a newspaper)—It tells here, my dear, how a progressive New York woman makes her social calls by telephone. Mrs. Dubbs—Progressive. Huh! She's probably like me—not a decent thing to wear.—Boston Transcript.

In a written examination on astronomy one of the questions was, "What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?" A student with rather a good knack of getting out of a difficulty wrote: "A great many people come out to look at it."

"What's that party kicking about?" said one New Yorker. "Oh, he's one of those guys who are lucky and don't know it," replied the other. "He came here on a round-trip ticket from Philadelphia and lost the return coupon." —Washington Evening Star.

"I'm sure," said the interviewer, "the public would be interested to know the secret of your success." "Well, young man," replied the captain of industry, "the secret of my success has been my ability to keep it a secret."—Sacred Heart Review.

"I'd hate to be a millionaire." "Gosh! Why?" "Well, millionaires are always getting letters threatening them with all sorts of horrible fates unless they immediately pay the writers large sums of money." "That's nothing. I get just such letters on the first of every month."—Cleveland Leader.

"Why," asked the judge, "do you think your husband is dead? You say you haven't heard from him for more than a year. Do you consider that reasonable proof that he has passed out of existence?" "Yes, your honor. If he was still alive he'd be askin' me to send him money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cincinnati Tourist (who, for the first time, has just entered a restaurant in Paris)—Have you ordered? St. Louis Tourist (who has reached the table some minutes before, and who looks up from a French bill of fare) —Yes. Cincinnati Tourist—What did you order? St. Louis Tourist (impatiently)—How do I know?—Chicago Daily News

BIG CROP ON ONE FARM

Kansas Grain Grower Who Began 25 Years Ago With Little Except Hope.

MADE $150,000 LAST YEAR.

Now Has 12,000 Acres of Land and Will Plant It All in Wheat—Sowing and Reaping.

The crop of wheat from one farm in Thomas county, Kansas, sold last year for $150,000. That farm embraced 10,000 acres of land. This year 2,000 acres have been added to it and if the crop is as large and prices as good as last year the farm revenue should approximate closely $200,000. And that, most any one will agree, is a pretty fair income for any down-trodden farmer.

But beginning with that kind of a statement is telling the story backward. To bring the real Kansas atmosphere into a story one must never speak of the dollars first, the Kansas City Star says. They always come, of course, in Kansas stories, but at the last and plentifully. To tell it right, one must start the story back twenty-five years, in this case, to the conventional setting when a pair of thin, jaded, harness-scarred ponies draws into the landscape and outlines against the setting sun a dilapidated covered wagon.

Bronzed by the sun, and with that spring that ambition puts into the young, the driver, "Jim" Fike, springs from the seat to the ground. From under a canvas he swings two chubby babies to the thick carpet of buffalo grass and turns to give his arm to his wife. They are young and vigorous and at once begin the making, on that wide prairie, that which they have been planning for years—a home.

There is the regulation routine, the location, the trip to the land office, the filing of homestead papers, the building of the sod shanty, the like of which dotted the prairies in thousands in those days; the breaking of virgin soil and the planting of the crops, and then—sometimes—the harvest. Through all the years of drought and hard times, through all the disappointments that come with the early settlement of a country, through the bountiful golden harvests, this man toiled on, working harder and harder, but always with the firm belief that the country was destined to be a great country of homes.

Hope died in many a breast these trying times and many were those who wended their way back to the old home because they lacked the brave heart to face the hardships. But "Jim" stayed. "Jim" he was to everyone who knew him in those days, and "Jim" he still is to every resident of Thomas county. "Jim" Fike is one of the largest and most successful wheat growers in America to-day.

The average yield last year on his 10,000 acres was about fifteen bushels an acre. The price paid for the wheat, which was not sold in the usual way, but marketed in carload lots, was within a few cents of $1 a bushel. A large portion of it was shipped to the West, where millers were especially eager to obtain it.

The Fike wheat farm does not all lie contiguous, being made up of a number of farms ranging from 320 to 2,400 acres in extent. Harvest usually begins about July 1, but last year harvest was late, and all over Thomas county the hum of the header did not begin until about July 15. To cut this 10,000 acres of wheat in fifteen days requires intelligent and systematic handling of the small army required to complete the work before the wheat is ruined in the field. Seven big steam plows were used in the fall plowing for this season's crop.

FINDING A COUNTRY HOME.

Some of the Mistakes Which Must Be Guarded Against by Novice.

It is easy to prove that an income of $1,000 in the country is worth $2,000 in the city, and that the difference is saved in the cost of living and in the fact that the home helps to support itself. On the other hand, there are vexations, disadvantages and even hardships incident to rural life, and they cannot fairly be passed by, says Ralph D. Paine in Collier's. Money is bound to be wasted in experiments, in bungling methods, and in learning how to do things right. The utmost vigilance is required to avoid spending what is saved on the one hand by going ahead too fast with improvements on the other. A dozen temptations to put more money into the place lie in ambush at every turn. Economy is fully as difficult as in the city. Isolation, lack of congenial society, and maddening inability to find efficient servants—in fact, any kind at all—are insistent factors of the problem. The initial outlay is likely to be no more than half the ultimate cost. Tools and equipment pile up bills to dismay the novice. Labor is lazy and untrustworthy. If there are children, and there ought to be children in every country home, their education must be considered.

It still remains true, however, that to find and own and improve one's own farm, however small and humble, is an achievement worth fighting for, whether it be for an all-the-year-home or not. And few there be who have won this fight that would willingly return to the flat in the city or the hired house in the suburbs with its fifty-foot frontage of lawn. The ownership of land, and plenty of it, creates a spirit of independence. It was the "embattled farmers" who drove back the redcoats from the redoubt on Bunker Hill. To-day the foreign immigrant is populating the abandoned farms of the Eastern States and gaining prosperity for himself and his children.

The man who is tied to the city by his business or profession, yet who genuinely desires for himself and his family the peculiar kind of contentment, health and self-reliance that are bred of country life, has the solution of the problem in his own hands. Let him first choose the region in which he wishes to live. Then let him lease a farm for a year, spend as much time on it as he can afford and learn all he can about making it productive. If he takes kindly to the experiment, let him go in quest of a farm of his own, buy it (and farms are sold on uncommonly easy terms of payment) and make up his mind to retire to it whenever circumstances will permit. Owning a country home is not a speculation. It is one of the soundest and sanest investments in the world.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The Simplex system of driving concrete piles, which the British admiralty is trying at Rosyth, is the invention of an American, F. Shuman A steel tube, having a loose point or a pair of hinged jaws at the lower end is first driven to the required depth Then, as the tube is withdrawn, concrete is introduced, and this passes through the now opened lower end and fills up the hole made by the tube The concrete is filled up to a level several feet above the finished head of the pile, in order to allow for sinking as the tube is withdrawn. The plan has been successfully tried in many places.

In an English review of the progress in aeronautics during 1909 the first place in the list of unsolved problems is given to that of obtaining a certain degree of automatic stability at slow speeds. It is recognized that the high velocity of flight required to enable the aeroplane simply to keep afloat must be lowered before the machines can become truly useful and safe. Another question is that of the engine. In order to make this certain in operation, it is suggested that the weight must be still further reduced, so as to permit either of a duplication of parts, or of the employment of two complete engines, each under normal conditions working at only a fraction of its full power.

A remarkable phrotograph of half a dozen porpoises, playing under water, just ahead of the bow of a steamship traveling at the rate of 13 knots an hour, has been published by a correspondent of Knowledge, C. H. Gale. The sea was calm and the photograph was made by leaning over the bow of the vessel. Mr. Gale calls attention to the singular fact that the porpoises, while easily maintaining their position ahead of the ship, showed no apparent effort or motion of body, tail or fin. Yet he thinks that they were not carried along by movement of the water in front of the vessel, because air-bubbles were seen rushing from their backs, and the photograph shows the effect of these bubbles by the white streaks on the backs of the animals. Sometimes they rolled over sidewise, but always maintained their position.

In a recent book about ants, Rev. H. C. McCook gives some surprising facts about the mound-making ants of the Alleghenies. He has measured some mounds more than 30 feet in circumference, although rarely more than three feet in height. But around these there are many new mounds, in course of construction, only a few inches in height. They are found in groups, one of which, near Hollidaysburg, Pa., contains 1,700 mounds within a space of 50 acres. Their total population is enormous, and each group of mounds appears to constitute a community—an insect kingdom or empire. In regard to their numbers, Doctor Forel is quoted as saying that these ant kingdoms have in all probability from 200,000,000 to 400,000,000 inhabitants, "all forming a single community, and living together in active and friendly intercourse."

Ruskin's Grave.

Ten years ago John Ruskin passed peacefully away at Coniston. A grave in Westminster Abbey was immediately offered by the dean, but was refused out of respect for Ruskin's frequently expressed wish that he might be buried wherever he chanced to die, says the Westminster Gazette. He was laid to rest in Coniston churchyard on Jan. 25. In poets' corner there is a medallion of him by Onslow Ford, immediately above the bust of Sir Walter Scott. In his native Camberwell the master's memory is perpetuated by the bestowal of his name upon the finely wooded park on Denmark hill, within a stone's throw of his old home.

His Opportunity.

"How did you manage to go through every house on that block in broad daylight without being detected?" asked one burglar.

"Very easily," replied the other. "I selected a time when a moving van drove up to a vacant dwelling. I worked while the neighbors were hanging out of the front windows to criticise the furniture."—Washington Star.

It's easier to break away than it is to get back.

Successful physicians are lucky guessers.

YOUNG FOLKS

A Rid. on the Trolley.

Said Dolly to Polly. "Now this would be jolly!
Let's all go to ride on the trolley!"
But Daisy was lazy and said they were crazy,
'Twas too hot to go on the trolley.

"It's chilly," said Milly; "I think you are silly
To want to ride on the trolley."
Said Lizzie: "I'm busy; besides, I get dizzy
When I go to ride on the trolley."

Lily Cook took a look at her new birthday book,
And wouldn't leave that for a trolley.
"There's many a penny," said sensible Jennie,
"Paid out for our fares on the trolley."

Said Polly to Dolly: "Though it would be jolly
To have a nice ride on the trolley,
It's funny, my honey, but we have no money,
And so we can't ride on the trolley!"
—Chicago News.

"Hold on Tight."

How Ned Was Tied Up.

"I'd like to know what has become of my cap," said New Brown, giving the room door an impatient slam, as though it were in some way responsible. "I've looked everywhere for it, and it isn't there."

"I think," said Ned's mother, speaking with calm assurance, in spite of Ned's statement, "that you will find it just where you left it. You know, Ned, I put up a special hook for your cap, but it doesn't seem to do any good, does it. You'll just have to hunt it up—that's all. I can't stop to look for it."

Just then the door opened, and Alice, Fred and little Harry, accompanied by two of the neighbor's children, came into the room, their eyes glistening, and cheeks aglow, as the result of a frolic they had been having on the lawn.

"Why don't you come out and play, Ned?" asked Alice. "We've been having such fun. Haven't we, Fred?"

"I can't find my cap," said Ned, looking vexed and disconsolate. "You haven't seen it anywhere, have you?"

"No," Alice replied.

"I haven't seen it either," volunteered Fred.

Little Harry felt that the blame had therefore been shifted onto him.

"I don't know where it is," he stoutly protested. "Really, I don't."

"What is it that's lost?" asked Aunt Carrie, who had just come into the room, and had overheard the latter part of the conversation.

"Ned's cap," said Alice.

"What, again!" said Aunt Carrie, in astonishment. "That makes the fifth time this week, doesn't it? Now, let me see. I believe I did see your cap somewhere a very short time ago, Ned. I think—yes, that's where it was, behind the sofa in the sitting room. I found it there when I moved the things to clear up the room. I think you'll find it on the table now."

"Oh, yes," said Ned, with a surprising return of memory. "That's just where I put it. Laid it on the sofa. I suppose it fell down."

"Before you go out to play," said Aunt Carrie, when Ned had brought his cap, "I would like to ask you to do something for me."

"What is it?" asked Ned, curious to know what she wanted.

Aunt Carrie told Ned she would like to have him hold the palms of his hands together and arms out straight. Taking a spool of basting thread from the pocket of her sewing apron, she wound the thread about Ned's wrists, drawing it tightly.

"See if you can break it," she asked.

Ned made a tremendous effort, but when he found that he was able to break the thread, a smile of satisfaction and triumph lighted up his face.

Then Aunt Carrie wound the thread about his wrists again, twice this time instead of once, but Ned succeeded in freeing his hands again.

"Well done," said Aunt Carrie, winding the thread about Ned's wrists a great many times and fastening it, after which she told him he might break the threads again.

"I can't," said Ned, looking very sheepish when he took in the situation. Indeed, Ned looked so very helpless and woebegone that Aunt Carrie and the children could not help laughing at him just a little.

"Now let me tell you," said Aunt Carrie, "what it is that I would like to impress upon you all. It is this. Habits are very hard to break, for they are made up of separate acts, just as Ned's hands are held together by means of separate threads."—Round Table.

ROBBERY TOOK SIX HOURS.

In Early Kansas City Bandits Stopped All Travelers One Afternoon.

Three bandits, who spent an entire afternoon holding up twenty-five citizens forty years ago were the pioneer sensational criminals in Kansas City. The robbery was begun at 1 o'clock and wasn't finished until dinner time. The bandits met their victims at 26th and Main streets, which at that time was only a macadamized road leading out to Union Cemetery.

Frederick Midland, a cabinet maker, employed by the Leo. J. Stewart Undertaking Company, was an undertaker at that time and was returning from the cemetery when he saw a small crowd down the road ahead of him.

"I hurried up to see what was the matter and found that all except three of the men were standing with their hands raised over their heads," Midland relates. "I realized that a robbery was going on, but it was too late to turn back. The robbers were on horses and were stopping every one who came along the road. They saw me before I could get away and commanded me to line up with the rest and to hold up my hands. In those days the revolvers were even more formidable appearing than they are to-day and I certainly didn't hesitate about obeying.

"Well, they kept us there without any trouble. As the farmers came by in their wagons they were forced to get out, tie their teams and join the growing line of victims. When a crowd of at least twenty-five had gathered the bandits began their work. I was at one end of the line, and one of the men started to search me while another began down at the other end. The third stood in the foreground and preserved order with a display of arms that made us dizzy. That's no joke, either, about a revolver barrel looking like a tunnel when it's pointed at you.

"All I had was 15 cents. I figured that they would hand it back with an apology for robbing a poor man, but they were not that kind of robbers. The one who was searching me swore a little at my poverty and went on to the next man. When they had finished with the crowd they rode away rapidly and we dispersed. They were never captured, because the event was considered lightly. The only ones who were really angered were those who arrived first and had to stand with their arms in the air until the crowd had been collected—it was almost six hours. The bandits had not robbed us singly, because they know those released would spread the news. —Kansas City Star.

SERVANT PROBLEM IN AFRICA.

Servitors Are All Men and Are the Dirtiest in the World.

Servants are an absolute necessity in Africa, declares a writer in the Delineator. But next to the climate and the insects, the native servants are the greatest pests. Even the best of them are the worst imaginable. They delight in grease, rags and dirt. They never do anything if they can avoid it.

Servants are all of the male gender. They are engaged by the month and paid in cash or merchandise, at their option. The principal servants are cook, house boy, small boy, jack wash and head man.

I was very fortunate in getting one. His wages were $5 a month, cash, and all he could steal. He dressed in an undershirt and the cast-off trousers of some white man. At the end of the month, when he received his wages, most of it went for rum and anisette bought at the factory. When the money was gone he tapped a palm tree and drank of its fermented juice. No matter how intoxicated he became his meals were always on time and he was polite and deferential. He called me Missy.

Because we both spoke English and he was a British subject, he looked after me in a way. He instructed the bushmen how to act and dress before a white woman. He warned me when there was any mischief brewing, and when he got into trouble, which was very frequently, he looked to me for aid. But he never forgot his position. He was small, slight, 33 years of age, could read and write and sing Moody and Sankey hymns. He came into my employ the day I landed in the bush and left me when I took the steamer at the coast to return to civilization. On the march he was the first to start away with the cooking kit on his head; upon my arrival in camp he met me with hot coffee. No matter how discouraging the conditions, he was faithful. Had I raked all Africa I could not have found a more faithful servant. Only those who have lived in the bush can appreciate such a one. If native cooks do not like their masters they have a habit of feeding him slow poison. Many a white man makes his cook first partake of the food.

When a girl gets her first letter from a man she keeps the envelope stuck in her mirror frame for six months.

VALUE OF SOCIAL QUALITIES

Every Mother Should See That Her Daughter Possesses Them.

Thank goodness we are getting away from the idea that to be frivolous is wicked and nowadays up-to-date parents insist that their children shall face life with a laugh rather than a serious face and that they shall have accomplishments as well as virtues.

This question of accomplishments is a very important one in a world which is selfish and exacting and doesn't want to give without receiving in return, the Duluth News-Tribune says.

Who has not seen the wallflower girl, who, when others were entertaining the company, replied solemnly: "I have no parlor tricks," which trite saying veiled very thinly the fact that she was secretly envious of the cleverness of the others and wished she could unlimber and do something herself.

Now, whose fault is it—the girl's? No, indeed—her mother.

No doubt that estimable maternal relative was of the sort who believe it their "duty" to see that the child tells the truth, is neat, punctual and obedient. No frills was her motto, but a thorough drilling in the three Rs, and, as she often observed to her little girl, "handsome is as handsome does."

Well, that may have often been the case in her day, but just now we are thinking of a great deal of the veneer, it would seem.

It is very easy for a clever mother to cultivate social talents in her children. Most little ones show a leaning in some direction, and it is a matter of patience and tact to cultivate this. The main thing is to free the child from the dreaded curse of self-consciousness, which prevents so many women fro mmaking a success, no matter how gifted the yare.

Encourage the children to give little entertainments for the family in which each one does his part.

Never laugh at mistakes, but enter into the spirit of the children themselves Home concerts are splendid things, wit hmother playing the piano and every one, eve nthe tiniest tot, joining in the singing.

Make the boys and girls feel they have no right to hide their gifts, but should give them unselfishly toward the entertainment of their relatives and friends. In this way you will bring to them the true spirit of social life, which is an even mixture of give and take.

A LAUGH ALL AROUND.

And, as Usual, Those Who Laughed Last Laughed Best.

"Common decency is cheap abroad," said the man who had just returned from his first trip to Europe. "During all the time I was on the continent I was subjected to discourtesy in but one instance, and I think I got away with it then, at that.

"We were crossing one of the Swiss passes by diligence, or coach, and stopped off for luncheon at some little town. It was hot, and I suppose I made rather a comical sight in my shirt sleeves and black glasses, with a handkerchief over my collar, as I stepped out of the vehicle to the road. I suppose, too, that the brand of French in which I tried to ask questions was pretty ragged.

"Anyway, a group of young Frenchmen waiting in a carriage while their team was changed saw in me their long lost original scream, and the way they laughed was convincing, if not flattering. They weren't backward about pointing out the real, racy bits in the picture either, and they only laughed harder when I glared at them mildly. Another American and I trudged off for lunch, and when we came back there was a bunch ready to take up the howl at me again. I looked at my compatriot and he at me. I don't think either of us put the idea in words, but we began.

"We began to laugh. We fell into each other's arms and laughed. We held each other up and laughed. We laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks. We laughed till we couldn't stand. We rolled into our coach, still laughing, taking inspiration for each outburst from a glance at the Frenchmen.

Well, sir, that bunch of Frenchmen just wilted. First they closed their mouths; then they lost their grins; then each one began squinting at the other, trying to make out what was wrong. Before we'd been at it two minutes they all discovered they needed a drink and sneaked off to the little hotel. We laughed till we saw the last of them, and then we laughed at the way we had turned the trick."—Chicago Tribune.

An Unnecessary Adjunct.

Many of us have heard of the woman traveler who, while riding through the Yosemite, exclaimed, "Oh, I do love scenery; it adds so!" M. C. M. Simpson, in "Many Memories of Many People," instances an opposite case where the scenery was considered not only unneeded, but rather obtrusive. In speaking of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, the famous English statesman, the writer says:

Although greatly beloved, he had a very cold manner. He was a marked contrast to his enthusiastic wife, Lady Theresa, who once complained that a tree overshadowed a window of the drawing room of their country house, and interfered with the view. Said Lewis, calmly and rather contemptuously:

"Why can't you, when you come into the country, sit with your back to the window and read a book?"

Some smart men do not properly estimate the importance of politeness.

Nothing jolts a woman's sweet trusting disposition like marriage.

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Mr. Holden was in one of those cheerful, mildly philosophical moods, when he likes to think aloud and impart a portion of his wisdom to his wife. "Did you ever stop to think, my dear," he said, "that the greatest effect civilization has had upon life is in conferring leisure?" He went on to devote his thesis:

"We talk about how hard we have to work to 'make a living,' as we put it, that is, to get enough to eat and wear and a place to sleep. But just take the case of the lower animals. They don't have to bother about clothes or to think much about shelter; but, on the other hand, all their waking hours are given to procuring their food. Watch the cows in the pasture. They're eating all the time, except when they lie down for a little while in the heat of the day; and the fact that they have to travel for their food gives them the exercise that keeps them in good health.

"It is the same way with the birds and with all wild animals. The very effort necessary to get their food is what keeps them well.

"So it was with primeval man. It took about all of his time to hunt and fish. It was the work of his hands, his whole body, as well as his brain, that supplied his table; therefore he kept in good physical condition and relished his food. Did you ever hear an Indian complain that he had 'no appetite'? No, ma'am!

"I believe the time will come when man—civilized man—will learn the lesson and return to the old order of things; when all of us, no matter what our occupation, will do some work with out hands, in order to procure our food. And we shall be the better for it, too.

"That is really the secret of the charm that hunting and fishing and camp life have for men. They restore the old fundamental conditions of eating one's bread in the sweat of one's brow. I tell you, when you have tramped five miles for a mess of trout, there's some taste to them. Getting back to nature—getting the feelings of the primeval man—is what restores."

"But I thought savages cultivated the soil, too—raised little patches of corn and other things sometimes, didn't they?" suggested Mrs. Holden, mildly.

"Certainly they did, my dear, certainly! But don't you see how my theory holds good there, too? They could get the product of the soil for food only by working with their hands, and—"

"That is just what I was thinking," interrupted Mrs. Holden. "I was wondering if you couldn't get something of the feeling of the primeval man by hoeing the garden to-night. You've really no idea how high the weeds are."

As Holden stopped a few moments to rest his back that evening, he remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, to Simpson, across the fence: "It's funny how unfitted women are for pure, speculative philosophy. It never seems to interest them unless they can tack it onto some confounded practical thing or other."—Youth's Companion.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

She Only Had One Glance, But She Did Not Overlook Anything.

"Will you please tell us how the lady was dressed?" said the attorney for the defense to a woman who was testifying in a police court proceeding, according to Puck.

"Well, of course I didn't see her for longer than a minute, as she got up and walked out of the stret car we were both riding in, but she had on a wide gray fur hat turned up at one side and fastened with a rhinestone buckle, and she had a long white feather and a gray bird's wing on the hat and a narrow band of gold galloon around it, and two large scarlet-red velvet roses, and she had the hat fastened on with three hatpins, one of them with a red-glass stone set around with California brilliants, and another was in the shape of a four-leafed clover, and the third was a big gilt ball, and the hat drooped away over on the right side, and she had a black veil with white dots on it, and it was fastened with a gold arrow, run through a rhinestone buckle at the back of the hat. Then she had on a tailored suit of mauve cloth with the jacket and front width of the dress all braided in silk braid, the same shade of the dress, and the other widths of the dress had three bias folds laid on, one right above the other, and the six buttons covered with goods like the dress, and the jacket had a bias fold all around it and fourteen buttons down the front and three on the pockets, and it had a wide rolling collar lined with satin a shade or two lighter than the dress, and there was a narrow silk cord of white silk edging the collar and coming all down the front of the jacket, which was a little more than half-fitting, and it sagged just a trifle on the left side, and—"

"You say you saw the lady but a moment?"

"Yes, just for a moment as she was leaving the car, but I noticed that she had on a gray squirrel skin muff and tippet and—"

"That will do, madam. Next witness please come forward."

At the Playwrights' Club.

Member (to friend whom he has not seen in some time)—And when was the last appearance of your piece?

"On the first night."—Fliegende Blatter.

Every old and broken down politician is a Boss Buster

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FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1910.

IMMENSE RANCH TO BE CUT UP INTO SMALL HOLDINGS

Rich Tract of 13,316 Acres in Contra Costa Will be Colonized.

Byron.—Numbering 13,316 acres of rich watered land, the great Marsh ranch in Contra Costa county has virtually been thrown open to the people of California by the closing of a deal whereby it passed into the hands of San Francisco capitalists for the sum of $650,000. There is scarcely an agricultural industry that cannot be made to thrive on this large territory, 12,000 acres of which will be thrown open to settlement on small or large holdings according to the plans of the company.

Water rights will go with each sale. The water question is an easy one. Irrigation may be had from the storage water from the Marsh and Kellogg creeks by forcing the water up from Old river or by pumping plants.

The property was secured by Charles Sanford in 1875 and has been in litigation more or less ever since. In the new deal about 700 acres were reserved for Sanford and a like amount for the minor heirs of Mrs. Sanford. Over 8000 acres of the ranch is level land.

The deal is of great importance to Brentwood, Byron and eastern Contra Costa which are bound to develop as settlers take up the land.

Pasadena.—Thomas H. Croft, founder of Pasadena and a wealthy property owner is dead. He brought a colony from Indiana and settled here in 1873.

San Francisco.—Six thousand cases of California raisins are included in the cargo of the Pacific Mail steamer Peru, which left last week for the Isthmus of Panama.

Victoria, B. C.—The Provincial Government promulgated an order declaring a three years' closed season for Vancouver Island wapiti (American elk). The extinction of these animals is threatened by recent promiscuous slaughter.

Sacramento.—The Spanish war veterans of this city will pitch a tent city in Sacramento for the reception of between 2500 and 3000 visiting veterans, who are expected to be here for the State convention, which meets August 1.

Newman.—The Knights of Pythias of this city have accepted the designs for a new castle which promises to be one of the most attractive structures of the character in any of the interior towns of the State. The building is to be a three-story brick structure cemented on the outside.

Stanford University.—In order to aid the university financially along the lines suggested by President Jordan in a recent address, the board of trustees at its last meeting decided to charge a fee of $15 a semester for all students who do not take work in either law or medicine and that the registration fee of $2 a semester should be discontinued.

Seattle.—The steamship Protesilaus, loading here for Europe, will include in its cargo for Hamburg 120,000 bales of scrap tin from the Puget Sound canneries, to be used in the manufacture of metal toys and shipped to America again to delight the children. Heretofore the waste metal has been thrown away Now it is pressed in bales like hay and Germany is eager to buy it.

Oakland.—On a small slip of paper, covered on the reverse side with crude drawings his children had made of dogs, cats and pigs, the late Captain Bartholomew Koehler made his will last October. He lost his life a few weeks ago, when the whaling vessel which he commanded was wrecked off the coast of Alaska. The will has been admitted to probate. The estate is worth about $4000.

San Francisco.—Coming up the coast of Mexico the German steamer Sais, which arrived a few days ago from Hamburg via the west coast, stopped for half an hour while members of the crew went off in a small boat and harpooned half a dozen big turtles. For several days turtle soup was served to all hands, and the passengers and crew said it was great. Captain Duncklage could not resist the temptation when the steamer passed through a veritable sea of turtles.

"I THINK I HAVE DONE MY DUTY"

Words of Britain's Ruler When He Laid Down Scepter at Reaper's Call

"I know this is the end; tell the Queen."

"Well, it is all over, but I think I have done my duty."

These were the last words of King Edward VII of England.

Nearly all the members of the King's immediate family were at his bedside when the King died. Just before the end came, the royal patient rallied and spoke weakly to those about him.

King Edward died almost before his subjects had begun to realize that he was seriously ill. He was sick only a week. After three days serious complications began to develop. The fourth day his physicians issued a bulletin that stirred the whole nation to its depths. On the sixth day the King was dead. Pneumonia, following bronchitis, was the cause of death.

Edward VII was born in Buckingham Palace on November 9, 1841, the same palace in which he died in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and the tenth of his reign. His active public life was begun in 1863, when as heir to the throne, he took his seat in the House of Lords. He was crowned King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India on August 9, 1902, having succeeded his mother, Queen Victoria, on her death on January 22, 1901.

Thus for thirty-eight years of his life the King held the rank of Prince of Wales, and the greater part of his work was accomplished during these years, when the arduous duties of representation were his, and he appeared at state functions for his royal mother, both within the United Kingdom and in the other courts of Europe.

His life at this time was more of a preparation for the throne. Had he died before the death of Queen Victoria he would have been long remembered by the British people as "The Prince of Wales," and his nine years on the throne have been but a continuation, with broader powers, of his service to England as Prince.

To the criticism that the business of kings is in its last stages, the history of the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward present a striking answer. In the accommodation of the British monarchy to modern conditions of statesmanship during the last two reigns the historian of the future will find significant facts.

It has been said that the three constitutional rights of the English sovereign are "the right to be consulted, the right to encourage and the right to warn," and that from these rights a King of sagacity and sense would be able to create a power and influence in the politics of the kingdom greater than the powers of an absolute monarch. King Edward went further than this, and as a man of extraordinary social experience and tact his influence was felt throughout Europe.

It was said of Queen Victoria, without intention to belittle her influence, that her service to the kingdom was similar to that of an under secretary, who remained at his post while governments came and went and acquired a wider scope of knowledge of the affairs of state than any ministry. It is a fact that Queen Victoria's Ministers were often advised by her out of the fullness of her knowledge of European politics for many decades.

King Edward assumed, however, a larger scope of influence than his mother, who seldom traveled, in that he took upon himself the task of representing England on the Continent, and became more than an advised of his Ministers. His services to Europe have been signally important and successful, and he attained the rank of leading diplomat, winning the confidence of Europe by his great skill in affairs and his directness of manner, while at home his services to the state were recognized and appreciated.

His visits to the continental capitals during the last nine years have been occasions of profound statesmanship. Without a doubt he was aided in this work by the fact of his close relationship to the royal houses of Europe. His oldest sister, the Empress Victoria of Germany, was the mother of Emperor William II, who was thus the nephew of King Edward. The Czarina of Russia was his niece, being the daughter of Princess Alice Maud. The Queen of Spain was also his niece, being the daughter of Princess Beatrice. The King of Norway was his son-in-law, and the connection of the house of Saxe-Coburg runs through nearly all the royal families of Europe.

The meetings between Emperor William and King Edward worked for the peace of Europe, and it is generally recognized that the visits of the late King to France did much to bring about sanity in the Anglo-French relations.

While Queen Victoria's influence was even greater in matters of state than is yet generally recognized, it was hidden from the public view—a matter of council chamber, and its reality was half doubted. Both her sex and her age, as well as her natural disinclination, kept her from continental pilgrimages.

Edward VII, on the contrary, was a figure that bulked large in continental politics, and it has been said that his diplomatic journeys compelled the English people to rediscover the British monarchy as an active instrument in the statecraft of the kingdom.

He was essentially modern in all his feelings, with little of the false dignity of royal ceremony. His long years as Prince of Wales had given an almost democratic touch to his character, which was nonetheless from the fact that his earlier years had been somewhat without that conventional restraint that is expected of royal princes.

All in all, Edward VII was a very human King, who lost money on his race horses, and was even reported to have taken a live tip from Pierpont Morgan that netted him $1,000,000 from the stock market.

His popularity followed him to his Norfolk estate at Sandringham, where he spent much of his time, taking a keen interest in his stock farm and his truck-gardening operations, which, it is admitted, were conducted for profit, tradesmen in London advertising "the best vegetables from his majesty's farm," and "the best Sandringham eggs." The Norfolk people liked to speak of the King as "the squire of Sandringham."

Although King Edward had somewhat outlived the traditions of his more expensive days, when, as Prince, he set the fashions for Europe, and tailors observed his clothes for the latest hints, he ever remained punctilious in the matter of dress and "changed" not less than three times daily. It is remembered by those who followed the gossip of the English court a quarter of a century ago that the then Prince of Wales had grieved his consort by his attentions bestowed upon women, and even in his latter days the King had his favorites among women.

But the figure of the King had latterly passed from the pages of scandal, and his devotion to the serious business of state had won for him the respect of the nation. He had also passed out of that period when he was expected to speak often and say little, and when the titled secretary that accompanied him on his travels was wont to furnish him with a brief memorandum of what it would be perfectly proper to say on any occasion. So much so, in fact, that in the press dispatches that told of his last visit to Emperor William the meeting was spoken of as "a meeting of statesmen," which, perhaps, meant more than a meeting of Kings.

It was a long tutelage that Edward VII had received before he attained that mastery of affairs and tact that characterized his conduct as King. As a boy he received an elaborate and carefully planned education under four private tutors, and afterward under Baron Stockmar and Rev. Charles Kingsley. He spent a session at the Edinburgh University, a year at Oxford and four terms at Cambridge.

Public opinion will doubtless demand that the Liberals' programme for reforming the House of Lords, with a possible appeal to the crown to make the most important decision a sovereign has been called upon to make in many years, shall be laid aside for a long time. They would be opposed to thrusting upon King Edward's successor at the very beginning of his reign, when he is first grappling with important routine work, a question so vital to the future of the empire.

Throughout the nine years of King Edward's reign the issue of tariff reform versus free trade, inaugurated by the famous Chamberlain speech in May, 1903, has been continuously under discussion.

The close of the year 1902 saw the end of the long Salisbury administration and the succession of Balfour to the Premiership. On his accession to the throne, the King announced his intention before the Privy Council "to walk in his mother's foosteps," but while Queen Victoria lived almost a life of retirement, interesting herself mainly in home affairs, the King's influence had been devoted more to international affairs by visits to foreign courts and by personal action of constitutional character in various directions. He has made every possible effort to bring the empire into the friendliest relations with other countries, and his efforts were so successful that he has been universally known as "Edward the Peacemaker."

Politically, King Edward's reign has been chiefly notable for the inauguration of a new era of social legislation for the benefit of the people, which followed the return of the Liberals to power after a long Conservative regime.

The general elections in 1906, fought on the free trade question, brought the strongest Liberal government for many generations into power, and under the Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith Ministries many measures, dealing with education, old age pensions, the relations of workers to employers, and cognate matters were put into successful operation, while the great Irish home rule question has been to a great extent thrust in the background.

The reign, however, closed at a period of great political unrest, with a large section of the country vigorously opposed to the new Liberal policy of encroachment on the privileges of the landed and aristocratic classes and with the heated question of the legislation of the House of Lords, tariff reform, and home rule, still unsettled.

With the death of King Edward VII, George Frederick Ernest Albert, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall and York, Duke of Rothesay, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and Duke of Saxony, Earl of Carrick and Inverness, Baron of Renfrew and Killarney, Lord of the Isles and Steward of Scotland, becomes his most excellent majesty George the Fifth, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India. Princess Victoria Mary (May of Teck), the Princess Royal, becomes Queen Victoria, King George V is the second of the line of Saxe-Coburg.

That George V will leave any deep imprint on English history as a sovereign of force and commanding ability is much to be doubted, but at least he is likely to prove a King of good heart, of conscientious attention to duty and of discreet conduct in state affairs.

George brings to the throne considerable experience of his own in the routine demands of the public service made upon him as Prince of Wales, and he comes to the task of governing with fair ability, good personal character and a serious sense of his own responsibilities. This is declared to be as much as perhaps can reasonably be said at present for him viewed as a sovereign.

It should not be forgotten in considering the attributes of the new King, that he was not brought up as heir to the crown. The chroniclers who were in a position to know state that he came to the honors and duties of heirship with no desire, and with real regret. He was 27 years old before he became heir to the crown through the death of his elder brother, Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

Prior to that time he had been at liberty, as the mere second son of the then Prince of Wales, the late King, to follow in a large degree his own inclinations. Those inclinations were for a quiet life, with little pomp and public appearance. He loved the sea, which he had actively followed since he was 12 years old, when he entered the navy. As the "sailor Prince" he was popular with Englishmen and had far wider popularity then than he ever enjoyed while Prince of Wales. He wanted to live unostentatiously and to pursue his career in his own way.

Not only was George, when he became heir, forced to take up the public duties of the Duke of Clarence, but he was also obliged to marry his brother's fiancee. Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, or "Princess May" as she was popularly known, had been chosen as the future Queen of England, and her marriage to the Duke of Clarence was to have occurred in 1892. After the Duke's death, Queen Victoria ordered George to marry the present Queen. In 1893 George did so, when the period of mourning for the Duke of Clarence was ended. The metamorphosis in the present King's life was then complete. The remembrance of these somewhat unusual facts of George's career perhaps aids in giving an understanding of the new sovereign.

London.—On Monday, May 9, George V was proclaimed king throughout the empire with all the traditional ceremony of centuries.

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South San Francisco—8:30.

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Ways of Women

Employments Open to Women.

Fifty years ago there were but few employments open to women, and definite training in preparation for work was almost unknown. In every class of work to-day women with skill and training can command good salaries. Wages are undoubtedly higher than they were fifty years ago, but the cost of living is much greater. General averages of wages, in computing the absolute gain to men and women, are of little use. In almost every trade a few receive high wages, and therefore averages conceal the wages of a large number of workers. Again, the worth of wages depends upon the cost of living, and income from wages depends, not on what a woman receives per day, but upon the number of days in the year she works. Statements of wages are vitiated by the bias of opinion of those who interpret or collect data. Reformers often estimate wages lower than they are, to show the need for reform. Suporters of political administrations are tempted to statements as roseate as possible, and often misleading.

As to occupations, women are in the majority in only nine, viz., musicians or teachers of music, school teachers, boarding house keepers, housekeepers, laundresses, nurses, servants, stenographers and typewriters. Among the occupations in which there are about as many women as men, as nearly as can be estimated, are: Acting, architecture, journalism, music, government employements, janitor service, agencies, bookkeeping, salesmanship stenography, typewriting, telegraphy, telephone service, baking, pottery, confectionery making and selling, clock and watchmaking, bookbinding and photography.

Many new vocations are being rather cautiously, but successfully, taken up by women. They are cutting and setting gems, hammering brass and silver, and working in gold. Beekeeping, mushroom culture and fruit and poultry raising are profitably pur- and poultry raising are profitably pur- ald.

Girl Who Is "Too Good" for Him.

No man ever yet got married without proclaiming humbly, at least to his personal friends, that he had found a girl who was too good for him, and in a sense he is usually right. Nevertheless, to proclaim it is a left-handed self-compliment, for if he selected a girl who was not good enough for him, it would not speak very well for his judgment, good taste, and self-respect. Of course, such a statement is usually moonshine, and yet withal a perfectly proper ante-nuptial frame of mind.

It should not be overly persistent, however. Unless a man gets over the feeling that his wife is better than he is, there will be trouble sooner or later. A team to trot along steadily and without friction must be evenly matched. To insure a happy married life, it must be discovered reasonably soon after the ceremony, that one mate is just as good as the other. That ought to be admitted whether it is so or not, for the same inconsistency which will cause a man to marry a girl who is too good for him, will cause him to divorce her because she is not good enough. On the other hand, if she is really too good she should keep it to herself, for he will be sure to think she is not good enough if she insists upon being considered too good.

Anyway, comparisons are odious. As a matter of fact, no woman is too good for the man she consents to marry.

Variation of the Russian.

Accordion pleated chiffon cloth in the new, delicate, pinkish lavender shade forms the overdrapery of this gown. It is decidedly Russian in tendency, with its somewhat bloused, full bodice, its close-fitting belt at the natural waistline and its smock of chiffon ending well below the knees. The foundation is of soft pink satin, this use of lavender and pink together giving the two-toned cloudy effect which is one of the most distinctive touches of the season. Bands of dull, bronze gold-trimming outline the neck of the bodice, forming the sleeve trimming and belt. A ribbon of soft gold mesh is run through the upturned satin facing of the smock and tied in a soft bow in the back.

How to Fold a Dress.

To fold a dress skirt properly for packing and to avoid the crease down the middle of the front breadth, fasten the skirt band and pin the back to the middle of the band in front. Lay the skirt on a table or other flat surface right side out, with the front breadth down. Smooth out all creases and lay folds flat. Then begin at the outer edges and roll each side toward the center back until the rolls meet. In this way the hang of the skirt is not injured, there are no wrinkles and the front breadth is smooth and flat. If the skirt is too long for the trunk fold it over near the top and place a roll of tissue paper under the fold.

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Nattier blue, that exquisite shade, bids fair to be most fashionable. One sees it in the newest dress fabrics and silks.

Tulle is to be worn not only as a foundation material of many dresses, but as the trimming and decoration of many others.

Some dainty shirt waists, fastening under a plaited frill in the center front, are made of printed bordure batiste in pretty colors.

With the double blouse of chiffon and a contrasting material a plisse or lace frill is worn when a jacket is slipped on for outside wear.

In ready-made petticoats modern jersey cloth is most used for tops, since it gives ample warmth without objectionable bulkiness.

Depth of color is one of the pronounced features of this winter. One sees it in deep blue blacks which have tried to steal the tone of Hamburg grapes.

Skirts of new corsets are long and close and they are pulled farther in the usual way by stocking supporters at the front and sides and often at the back.

Black satin gowns are smart this season, but they are veiled with tunics of embroidered net of chiffon, covered with a jerseylike bodice of heavy embroidery net and jet combined or silk with jet.

The American Woman.

The women of America are wonderful! Their versatility, acuteness, splendid mental energy, high ideals, firm grasp of subjects, added to their charming manners, tasteful dress, graceful deportment, are refined and feminine to a degree. We all know the brainy, masculine woman the world over.

But the American, while she may be masculine in brain and alertness, is also feminine—emotional, if you like—in her make-up. She is a truly charming type.

The American woman is also very practical, very inventive. She develops an idea, and she works out her idea to its utmost possibilities. It may be only a new sort of neck-band supporter, but she does not belittle her hobby. She brings her imagination into her work. She may be utilitarian, but the successful business woman is artistic to her finger tips. —London Express.

Buttons and Buttonholes.

Even such simple things as a button and buttonhile require proper treatment to insure neatness. When buttoning or unbuttoning a garment, forcing the button across the width of the buttonhole will soon tear out the latter. For the same reason buttons with only two holes are better than those with four, and should be so placed that their holes will be on a line with the length of the buttonhole. Even with a four-holed button, one seamstress sews through only two—those on the farthest corners.

Frock for a Child.

Often we make the mistake of thinking frocks for little girls ought to be fluffy with lace and ruffles; but the truth is that almost every child shows to better advantage in simple clothes, and if, instead of spending money on yards and yards of trimming, a better quality of material is employed, the dress is sure to be a success.

Order in the Pantry.

Nothing is so unsightly in a pantry or closet as a number of tin lids pitched loosely on a shelf. One woman has overcome this effect by nailing a narrow strip of wood to cleats about ten inches under her high pot shelf in the pantry. In the space thus made the lids are slipped. The handles project as desired.

Vent flipping and they can be had at a minute's notice. Ranged according to sizes, hunting for the right lid does not waste one's time.

The Girl You'd Hate to Trust.

The girl who openly boasts of the married men who are in love with her.

The girl who says she "dotes on children," but whose small brothers and sisters shun her.

The girl who is horrified by calling a spade by its "right name," but whose taste in literature is lurid.

The girl who is careless to return small loans. This habit may spring from heedlessness, but it bears watching.

She who dresses lavishly on a small income. There is a distinction between looking well on a little and cutting a splurge on nothing a year.

The girl who gushes over her love for her parents, while she lets her overworked mother mend and launder for her, and spends more than her father can afford.

She who is prinked out for show views—and a sight when caught unawares. The man who contemplates matrimony should make it a point to see his Angelina off guard.

She who is sugary sweet until she thinks she is alone. Far better be like al alligator pear with the roughness on the outside than resemble the tempting wild plum with bitterness within.

She who has great tales of her prowess as a worker, but who never sees any work to be done. The real workers of the world rarely discuss what they do, and never need jogs for its doing.

What Makes the Charming Woman.

Woman is most charming when she is bright and animated. A tear may arouse pity, but it is a smile that commands admiration. She must not be always sparkling—that is, monotonous and wearing; the perpetual flashing of diamonds fatigues the eyes. She must have her sober moments, if only to throw into higher relief, by contrast, the moments when she is gay. A woman is always charming when she is tender and sympathetic. She may dazzle when she is merry, but when she is gentle and full of sympathy she enchants the man's heart. Probably she charms the most when she is most unconscious of her power. A woman is really amiable when she is good-natured. Sarcasm may amuse when it is directed against some one else, but it does not win any one's heart. Good temper is an attraction even in a plain woman. When a woman has that, in addition to her other winning qualities—when she is natural in her manners, not self-conscious, animated, tender, and gentle—then indeed she is charming to all the world.

Attractive Evening Bodice.

This effectively designed bodice for demi-toilette occasions is of black ninon, with V-cut yoke and sleeves of cream net trimmed with narrow jet insertions. Hanging jet ornaments appear in front suspended from a band of jetted neck thickly spangled with small jet sequins. A blouse of this sort is not beyond the ability of a good home seamstress if she is at all capable.

Mouth Wash.

An excellent mouth wash may be made by mixing 1 ounce of carbonate of soda with one pint of water. Bottle for use. After cleaning the teeth as usual, rinse with a little of this liquid. It has a fine preservative effect on the teeth and cleanses the tongue and gums.

To Make Frills.

In many cases the ruffler of the sewing machine is hard to adjust. To gather any goods, simply lengthen the stitch to seven or eight to the inch, and stitch. The thread can then be drawn tight and the frill made as full as desired.

THE NEWEST STYLES IN HAIR DRESSING.

CURLS, COIL AND TWIST. COILS AND FOUR PLAITS. COILS ONLY.

Fashion is replacing the huge turban coiffure with a softly marcelled crown, around which are wound soft flat coils or braids, and occasionally a curl or two, or maybe three. The parting on the forehead is not clearly defined, being merely formed by the undulation of the hair. Fancy hairpins, twisted ribbons, gold and silver tissue, and circlets of small leaves make a pleasing addition to these soft coils and plaits.

HAD LUCK ON THE WAY.

The English Thief That Dropped In to See His Lawyer.

Here is a story of a genuine instance of the kind of business which fell to the lot of a once notorious London "thieves' counsel." One day a thick-set man, with a cropped poll of unmistakable Newgate cut, slunk into this counsel's room, when the following dialogue took place:

"Morning, sir," said the man, touching his forelock.

"Morning," said the counsel. "What do you want?"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir, our little Ben, sir, has 'ad a misfortin. Fust offense, sir, only a wipe."

"Well, well!" interrupted the counsel. "Get on"—

"So, sir, we thought as you'd 'ad all the family business we'd like you to defend him, sir."

"All right," said the counsel; "see my clerk"—

"Yes, sir," continued the thief, "but I thought I'd like to make sure you'd attend yourself, sir. We're anxious cos it's little Ben, our youngest kid."

"Oh, that will be all right! Give Simmons the fee."

"Well, sir," continued the man, shifting about uncomfortably, "I was going to arst you, sir, to take a little less. You see, sir"—wheedingly—"It's little Ben—his first misfortin"—

"No, no!" said the counsel impatiently. "Clear out!"

"But, sir, you've had all our business. Well, sir, if you won't you won't, so I'll pay you now, sir." And as he doled out the guineas, "I may as well tell you, sir, you wouldn't 'a' got the counters if I hadn't had a little bit of luck on the way."—From "The Recollections of a K. C.," by Thomas Edward Crispe.

How to Prevent Colds.

The easiest way to catch cold is when one is overheated. One should never sit down after exercise in the open only in summer weather. The most familiar causes of taking cold are sitting in a draught, wearing insufficient clothing, insufficiently protected feet and ill-ventilated rooms. Colds occur most frequently in the spring or fall when the temperature is moderately low, subject to sudden changes, when there is notable dampness of the atmosphere and high winds.

Catarrh has intimate relation with colds. Recurring colds in the head conduce to further colds. Those gradually localize themselves further down, giving rise in succession to sore throat, bronchitis and then fixes itself upon the lung, when the treatment is so often ineffectual, whereas at first the treatment is a simple matter. Catarrh does not necessarily lead to consumption, but when the resistance of the lungs is diminished the germs of consumption find a favorable soil for their development.

Most important is the clothing which should be sufficient for warmth and comfort. Avoid the coddling of any one part or leaving any one portion unduly exposed. The place to wear a chest protector is on the soles of the feet. The nature of the fabric to be worn next to the skin is a thoroughly porous one, like linen mesh, and regulate the outer garments according to the weather. The feet at all times should be kept warm and dry.

Agreed with Him.

One does not always make a statement in order to be corroborated. Quite the contrary. It is often consoling to hear one's disparagement of self denied. Now and again, however, the individual receives a shock by an unexpected agreement. Well for him if he be as good-natured under the circumstance as was Lord Heathfield. John L. W. Page tells the incident in "Rivers of Devon."

At the time of the occurrence the cocked hat was worn in the English army, and Lord Heathfield fancied it pulled well over the brows. One day at Gibraltar he met a soldier who, poor fellow, feeling the heat, had pushed his hat on the very back of his head.

This was too much for the general. Thrusting his headgear back from the bridge of his nose, he demanded fiercely:

"Now, sir, don't I look like a blackguard?"

"Yes, your excellency, you do!" was the unexpected reply.

His excellency was taken aback. He stared a moment, then burst into a laugh, and passed on, remarking that what did not become an officer was not suitable to one of the rank and file.

Success.

Brother Elfaw—How am yo' son gittin' along in his new job as a Pullman po'tah?

Brother Smoot—Fine, sah! Dat boy kin make a few passes and put no dust on a pusson dan he brushes off and it didn't take him two weeks to learn to slam a do' in de way dat nobody but a railroad man kin slam it. Yassah, Cla'ence is sho' doin' elegant.—Puck.

And occasionally a man thinks he is being neglected when his enemies attend strictly to their own business.

"If" is blamed for most of our failures.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PERIL IN FLIRTATION.

By Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins.

Flirtation is the cause of our social evil. It undermines the home. It makes marriage look like a failure. The rapidly increasing number of women who drink and smoke in fashionable restaurants shows where stations on the route are located and the men in the big, swift touring cars accomplish the rest of the trip with merciless brevity, but leave behind the fumes of a scandal that will fill the land. In respect of this evil, as of all others, we need to remember that first steps are the dangerous steps, first compromises the dangerous compromises.

When men and women are loitering about through life wondering what they will do next, a serpent not far away is apt to lift its head and sight the bird. From the Garden of Eden to the present hour snakes have loved Eve in a snake's way. Samson has lied and joked with Delilah, Sappho has loved the young student, as the devil loves the world. It is a love with the most beautiful face you ever saw. It is love with the most attractive personality you have ever known. It is a love with what is called temperament, you know—makes a lie sound better than the truth. It can make the red-headed, black-faced Cleopatra look so fascinating that the great Marc Antony is content to be dragged behind her barge like a dead fish.

The love of the flirt is a love that makes men and women forget their honor, their vows, their ambitions, their talents, their fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, and all the great hopes of time and eternity. The first steps may lead down the marble steps of a palace of pleasure. But look at the end!

BRINGING NATIONS CLOSER TOGETHER.

By Edgar Fuller.

It is easy to perceive from past history how individualism and competition peopled the earth. The pressure of growing slavery kept actuating men to push farther westward, to where there was greater freedom. America was discovered because the merchants of Venice formed a monopoly of the East India trade and levied tribute that was outrageous. A western route was sought in order to evade it, and instead a new continent was discovered. This was of far greater importance to the oppressed lower classes of Europe than the accomplishment of the original purpose would have been and it is of great relief even yet.

The world is now becoming rapidly populated, with no more new continents to discover, and the result must be that collectivism and co-operation will take the place of individualism and competition—otherwise slavery will become universal. Members of the capitalist class, having pursued each other all over the globe trying to find a market for their surplus products and finding themselves up against it, are now gradually consolidating industrially into a trust and politically into one big fighting machine. Money knows no country and one country is as good to exact profits in as another. Labor sees what is coming and is also beginning to organize internationally. The railroads, the steamships and the telegraph are bringing all nations closer and closer to each other and in course of time they will unite into one vast co-operative commonwealth. There is destined to be considerable conflict, however, before this can be successfully accomplished.

DISCONTENT OF RICHES AND POVERTY.

By Winifred Black.

A little girl lay down on her sister's grave and died the other day. And when the mother went to the drug store to telephone to ask for help she fainted, and the drug store people discovered that the mother had not eaten anything for nearly two days because there was no money to buy food.

In the same paper that told this little story I read that aigrettes were in fashion again this year because they were so expensive that the very presence of an aigrette meant that the owner must have money, or at least had it when she bought the hat, and that black pearls were again in vogue; and that it was bad form to let the bay horse go out with anything but an ermine carriage blanket.

I wonder if the little girl who lay down and died rather than to struggle through a world like the one she lived in wasn't, after all, wise after her kind and condition? I suppose that poor mother walked the streets right beside some discontented rich woman a dozen times, and unless she walked unusual paths she certainly went past a dozen young girls who are making their own mothers miserable because they can't have just exactly the latest thing in jewelry or the newest thing in automobiles, "like the other girls."

If I had one of those "like-the-other-girls" daughters I'd make her spend at least half of her time getting acquainted with some of these "other girls," like the one who lay down and died of hunger and heartache and sorrowful discouragement the other day. I believe it would do her good.—Chicago Examiner.

THE CHURCH'S BUSINESS.

By President Woodrow Wilson.

The business of the church is not to pity men. The business of the church is not to rescue them from their suffering by the mere means of material relief or even by the means of spiritual reassurance. The church cannot afford to pity men because it knows that men, if they would take it, have the richest and completest inheritance that it is possible to conceive, and that, rather than being deserving of pity, they are to be challenged to assert in themselves those things which will make them independent of pity.

No man who has recovered the integrity of his soul is any longer the object of pity, and it is to enable him to recover that lost integrity that the Christian church is organized. To my thinking, the Christian church stands at the center not only of philanthropy, but at the center of education, at the center of science, at the center of philosophy, at the center of politics—in short, at the center of sentiment and thinking life. And the business of the Christian church, of the Christian minister, is to show the spiritual relations of men to the greater world processes whether they be physical or spiritual. It is nothing less than to show the plan of life and men's relations to the plan of life.

THE VOICES.

I hear the voice of the city
  Calling again and again,
And into her arms there hastened
  Millions and millions of men.

And I heard the voice of old gardens,
  Of quiet woodland ways;
But few there were who would heed them
  In the rush of the busy days.

The cities grow old and vanish,
  And their people faint and die;
But the gardens are green forever,
  Forever blue is the sky.
—Charles Hanson Towne.

The Indian Idol

It was in our bachelor days and we shared a set of chambers in one of the London squares; when Browning had not attained the high rank in his profession that is his to-day—the dreaded Nemesis of all criminals, the expert to whom the detectives of Europe come for assistance and advice.

I had just returned from a week's holiday in Scotland to find Browning awaiting me on the platform at King's Cross. His face wore a worried look.

"I've just driven down from Cadogan place. I've got an important case on."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'll tell you about it when we get home."

When the cab put us down at our chambers, he opened the door and led the way into our sitting room. Then he took off his overcoat and flung it across a chair.

"You know how strained the relations are between England and —— that the House had three all-night sittings last week, discussing the situation?"

"Yes," I said.

"You know that a crisis has only been averted by the diplomacy of one man?"

"Lord Quinton—the foreign secretary." Browning poked the fire into

"I THINK HE WAS MURDERED."

a blaze, and then looked at me, the poker resting in his hand. "He was found murdered this morning, and I have been engaged on the case all day—called in by Scotland Yard."

"Have you any idea how the crime was committed, and why?"

"None; we are all working in the dark. There are four of us engaged on it; three men from Scotland Yard and myself."

Browning paused. "There are some extraordinary features about the case, features which contradict one another. At half-past 9 he had breakfast with his wife; at 10:15 he went into his study; at half-past he was found on the floor dead, a half-smoked cigar between his fingers. Death must have been instantaneous, since the look on his face was a normal one."

Browning flicked the ash off his cigarette. "We can really tell nothing until after the post mortem tomorrow. He may have died of heart failure; one of the men from the yard is inclined to that view. Personally, I think he was murdered."

"By someone in the employ of a foreign power?"

He was silent for a moment. Then, "I should like you to see his study; it's a perfect museum of curiosities. Carving from China, inlaid work from Japan and India. Standing in one corner is a most beautiful model of a pagoda, carved by natives; it must be worth hundreds of pounds. And his ash-tray is a bronze representation of a native god, holding a metal tray depicting the world."

The next afternoon at 5 o'clock Browning returned from the post mortem examination.

"I was right on one point," he said to me on entering. "Lord Quinton died from the effects of poison. The next thing is to find the murderer."

That evening we received a visit from Inspector Turnbull of Scotland Yard.

Browning handed his cigarette case across the table. "First of all, Inspector, I should like to hear your views—you smoke?"

The detective took a cigarette. "To be candid, Mr. Browning, I'm hanged if I know what to make of it."

"It is somewhat perplexing," he said. "If we sift all the evidence we have at our disposal, I think we can only come to one conclusion, at any rate, as to the motive. As far as we can gather, Lord Quinton had no enemies; there was no one likely to do him any injury. He was happily married." Browning smiled cynically.

"True, every man is supposed to have a skeleton in his cupboard, but we have searched his private papers, and can find no evidence. No, we must go farther afield for motive. You know the political position as well as I do, Inspector."

Inspector Turnbull nodded.

"But perhaps you have not heard of Kruegel?"

"The great secret service agent?"

"But did you know he left for his own country the morning after the murder?"

"You did not tell me."

"I should not dare to offer my poor knowledge to Scotland Yard," he said. "Besides, it was your place to find it out as much as mine."

We sat up discussing the case until past midnight, but with no satisfactory result.

Browning had been smoking in silence for a few moments. "Inspector," he said suddenly, "will you meet me at Lord Quinton's house at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and we'll go through the case together? I'll be Lord Quinton, and act as I think he acted on the morning he was murdered. It may give us a hint that will put us on the right track."

I went round next morning to Cadogan place with Browning, and there punctually at 10 o'clock we were joined by Inspector Trumbull.

For a few minutes the two detectives discussed the case together. Inspector Turnbull was absolutely stolid at times.

"I cannot for the life of me see what good it can do us to go through that play-acting," he said, when Browning suggested we should commence.

My friend smiled. "Then you must watch it just to humor me." A seriousness came into his voice. "It may all lead to nothing, but it may give us the very clew for which we are looking."

"Exactly," said the representative of Scotland Yard.

Browning walked to the door, and then returned, leisurely. In the middle of the room he stopped for a moment and lighted a cigarette. "I have no cigars, I never smoke them," he said. Then he continued to Lord Quinton's desk, sat down, and commenced reading some letters.

Browning rose impatiently to his feet. "I have omitted to do something Lord Quinton did that morning," he said, and fell to pacing the room.

He flung the end of his cigarette into the fireplace and sat down in an easy chair.

"You'll come round to my view, I think, in time," said Inspector Turnbull.

Browning leaped to his feet. For a moment he stood staring at me. Then, with a laugh, he crossed to the fireplace and flicked off the ash.

"Inspector," he said a second later, "I'm afraid I've wasted a lot of your time; I've been a confounded fool."

He crossed the room to where, at the inspector's side, stood a small ebony table, on which rested, among other things, the ash tray, with its Indian idol.

Stooping down, he slowly and very carefully passed his hand along the rim of the tray.

Suddenly, from the mouth of the god there sprang a long, pointed needle. For a second we saw it, and then it disappeared again.

"You see now how Lord Quinton was poisoned," said Browning. He pressed the rim of the tray again, and when the needle appeared, held it between a pair of tweezers.

The needle was nearly three inches long, and not more than one-eighth broad at its widest part. It was flat and hollow, giving an easy means of access for the poison.

"What a fiendish idea!" said the Inspector.

The body was lying in a spare bedroom, and we immediately went upstairs to inspect it. There, on the right hand, just above the wrist, was a small puncture, lined in blue. It was so small as to be hardly noticeable, and had we not known where to look for it, we should never have discovered it.

The same afternoon the news of Lord Quinton's death was made public. Newsboys were passing beneath our window, shouting out the intelligence when Browning entered.

"We have found where and when Lord Quinton bought that ash tray," he said. "Three weeks ago he received a letter addressed from a road in Shepherd's Bush, saying the writer had a curio for sale and would be pleased to call and show it to him if he would care to see it with a view to purchasing it."

"Have you seen the letter?" I asked.

"No. Lord Quinton destroyed it, but Lady Quinton told me about it. Two days later the man called."

"Yes," I said eagerly.

"I got his description from one of the servants; it exactly coincides with that of Kruegel, the great secret service agent. Lord Quinton paid him £20 for the curio. Herr Kruegel has a subtle sense of humor."

"And Lady Quinton is willing to let her husband's death go unavenged; to let the murderer escape scot free."

Browning smiled. "There are other ways of killing a man besides hanging him," he said; "and there are other secret service agents in the world besides Herr Kruegel. England possesses a few, you know."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Ghastly Retrieving.

Lord Robert Innes-Ker, at a dinner at the Plaza in New York, said of a New York wit:

"His wit always hits the mark. It is not like the shooting of a friend of mine.

"My friend went rabbit shooting one day with a fine retriever dog. A rabbit suddenly appeared and my friend let go both barrels.

"The dog, that never failed to retrieve a shot, uttered a mournful cry, and, returning with its own tail in its mouth, laid it reproachfully at my friend's feet."

THE LIFE OF A SWITCHMAN.

It May Not Be Picturesque, but There Are Few More Dangerous.

The frontier is fast disappearing, and the hardy pioneer who packed his pelts or harvested his scanty crops under the eye of hostile Indians is merely an heroic figure in history, writes F. C. Scoville. But the industrial frontier and the pioneer workman will never become things of the past. The venturesome spirits who 100 years ago would have pushed westward into unknown lands have turned their hands to work, which, if not more picturesque, is fully as dangerous.

That great time saving record breaking game wherein the necessities and luxuries of life are whirled from one end of the continent to the other at a constantly increasing pace has engaged many of the present day industrial pioneers. Among them, skirting the death line as delicately as the aviator, the deep sea diver, the structural steel worker, or the linesman, stands the switchman. Without him the arteries of traffic would cease to flow.

In a thousand yards, amid a bewildering maze of tracks and switches, and under the pattering hail of cinders the switchman works, seemingly careless of the perils that beset his every footstep. Dangerous during the day, the yards are trebly so at night and during the winter. One second's carelessness, a slippery footboard, an ice covered grabiron, or even a mistaken signal by the engineer may cause his instant death, or, less mercifully, make him a helpless cripple for life.

Death, or his companion, disablement, stares the switchman in the face at every turn. A huge chunk of coal may topple upon his head from an overloaded car, a pin may stick, and in the hurried effort to right the knuckle before the cars meet his hand may be crushed. Unheard trains may toss him when he rounds the end of a string of cars. While pulling a pin on a sharp curve to make a "drop" he may be caught between the corners of the cars and his ribs staved in.

Constant vigilance is the price of the switchman's life. Occasionally even "constant vigilance" is fruitless

MAKING A COUPLING ON A STORMY NIGHT.

HIRSUTE ITALIAN BARBERS.

Peculiarities Noted by an Observing Hair Tonic Salesman.

"My best customers," said the salesman for the hair-tonic house, according to the New York Times, "are the proprietors of barber shops, where all Italian barbers are employed. There's a reason for this and a very simple one. Did you ever see a bald-headed barber in an Italian shop? Think it over. Rack your memory. I've been in the hair-tonic business for a good many years and, take my word for it, there is no such thing as a bald-headed dago barber. No, I can't explain it. It is simply an incontrovertible fact. That's why I say my best customers are the proprietors of these shops. Would you buy a bottle of hair tonic from a barber with a bald pate? Would you place any confidence in the recommendation of a barber whose thatch had a mangy, moth-eaten appearance? Not if you are in your sober senses. American barbers and barbers of other nationalities, particularly the Germans, have a disgusting habit of losing their hair. I use the adjective advisedly from my point of view, for it interferes with my business. And it's a curious thing that when a barber loses his hair he doesn't lose his job. Nor is his salary reduced. Inasmuch as a considerable portion of the revenue of a shop consists of the selling of various toilet preparations, you would naturally think that, in the interest of expert salesmanship, when a barber lost his hair he would also lose his job. But the boss barber is a person to be reckoned with, quite aside from the purely commercial phase of the situation. He is loyal to his men and loyal to an extent that would seem suicidal to the head of a big industrial corporation. But that's his attitude, and in a way it is an admirable one. Still, that has nothing to do with the fact that there are no bald-headed Italian barbers. Keep your eyes peeled for one, and when you find him show me."

French Revolution Relics.

A museum is about to be inaugurated in the famous prison of the Conciergerie, which will be peculiarly rich in articles and papers connected with the revolution, and especially with Marie Antoinette, says the London Globe. The museum will be quartered in the Salle des Girondins. The Marie Antoinette relics include the armchair which she used during her long detention, the lamp which illuminated her cell, the ebony and ivory crucifix which she kissed before leaving for her execution, and two pictures representing the doomed queen at communion and in her cell.

Health, honesty, horse sense and hard work is a combination you can't down; if your rival has these qualities, form a trust with him

Non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla

If you think you need a tonic, ask your doctor. If you think you need something for your blood, ask your doctor. If you think you would like to try Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor. Consult him often. Keep in close touch with him.

Ayer's — We publish our formulas — We banish alcohol from our medicines — We urge you to consult your doctor

Ask your doctor to name some of the results of constipation. His long list will begin with sick-headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, thin blood, bad skin. Then ask him if he would recommend your using Ayer's Pills.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

NEW ADDRESS
Schwabacher-Frey Stationery Company
NOW AT
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WHITTIER COBURN CO
AGO
ANTISEPTIC
CREAM COLORED DUSTLESS
FLOOR OIL
MANUFACTURERS
SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES

A refined Hygienic, Antiseptic Dustless Floor Oil, used by the Southern Pacific, U. S. Government, Light House, Public and Private Hospitals, Public Schools, Public Halls, etc. Improves sanitary conditions, lays the germ carrying dust perfectly. Fleas, flies and insects of all kinds avoid rooms treated with our Ago Antiseptic Dustless Floor Oil; does not render floors black like the ordinary floor oil. No first-class dealer can afford to be without it. Write us for information.
Use C & S Axle Grease. Also Pratt's Poultry Regulator. Also Pratt's Animal Regulator.
WHITTIER COBURN CO.
San Francisco, ∴ California

A Pure Food Guarantee on Every Sack of
Pillsbury's Best XXXX Flour
5-12-24½-49-98 lb. Cotton Sax
Your Grocer has it or will get it for you

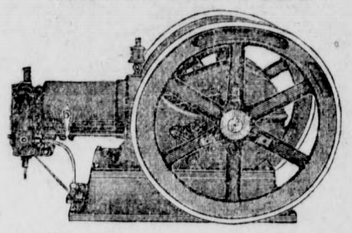
The Italian Government has taken up the question of the preservation and restoration of the forests of that country, and plans to plant with trees several hundred thousand acres of barren mountain lands.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.00, $3.50, $4.00 & $5.00
Union Made SHOES Boys' Shoes $2.00 & $2.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make,
BECAUSE:
W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world.
W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 shoes equal, in style, fit and wear, other makes costing $6.00 to $8.00.
Fast Color Eyelets.
The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute.
Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If they are not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalog, giving full directions how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered to the wearer all charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

HAIR COMBINGS WANTED
We will buy your combings at 10c per ounce; 15c for light shades or gray. Mail to R. GOLDSTEIN, 149 Grant avenue, San Francisco.

ENGINES
FOR ALL PURPOSES



Engines today are taking the place of the horse and of all forms of manual labor. Dependability—the certainty that it will work when you need it, is the first requisite of an engine. Then reliability of workmanship, obviating repairs.
The Old's engines, of which we are the agents, are made by the oldest and most reliable firm in the United States.
Write for illustrated catalogue today to
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SCIENTIFIC PRESS PATENTS PATENT AGENCY
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AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP CO.
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New York to Pacific Coast Ports and Hawaiian Islands—Sailings from New York every six days, making direct connection with Pacific steamers sailing from Salina Cruz, Mexico, every six days for San Francisco.
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Cots, Hammocks, Canvas and Covers
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Hood's Sarsaparilla

By virtue of its unequaled blood-purifying, nerve-strengthening, stomach-toning, appetite-restoring properties, is the one Great Spring Medicine.

Get it today in usual liquid form or tablets called Sarsatabs. 100 Doses $1.

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PARADISE SODAS

As Good as the Name
And Always the Same

Standard Biscuit Co.

SOLE MAKERS

When in San Francisco stop at the New

HOTEL HAYWARD

O'Farrell St., just above Powell

(One block west of New Orpheum Theatre)

SAN FRANCISCO

At your service at all times. All the comforts of home combined with every modern convenience.

POPULAR PRICES

SOUR STOMACH

"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and sour stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could find no relief only for a short time. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the only thing for indigestion and sour stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice to eat."

Harry Stuckley, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to the Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Ill., and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

Write for Prices on

REPUBLIC AUTOMOBILE TIRES

Hose and Belting

We Make the Finest Rubber Goods in the World

PHŒNIX RUBBER CO.

SAN FRANCISCO

The New Flavor

Mapleine

(Flavor of Maple)

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 35c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.

Seattle, Wash.

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AUTO PARTS EXCHANGE Second hand parts, tires, etc. 334 Larkin St., S. F.

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AUTO SUPPLIES Moore Motor Supply Co. Golden Gate and Van Ness Avenues S. F.

BUICK Howard Automobile Co., 533 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. Tel. Market 1536.

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PACIFIC Aluminum Brazing Works. Our specialty broken cylinders, crank and gear cases; we reinforce the weak points. 430 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

SPLITDORF Magnetos and Magneto Spark Plugs. San Fran. Branch 520 Van Ness Ave.

SUPPLIES for Autos, Motorcycles, Bicycles. John T. Bill & Co., 357-9 G. G. Ave., S. F.

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MARKET LETTER ON OIL STOCKS

with bids and offers on the biggest list of California Oil Stocks put out by any broker in the United States. Yours for the asking. Fred W. Gregory & Co., Inc., Fresno, Cal.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

S. F. N. U. - - - - - No. 20, 1910

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

A Heavy Battle.

In the year 1862 I enlisted in Company C and was taken down the Mississippi on a steamboat as far as St. Louis, and from there to the fort, where I remained two months. My first battle was in the night—a dark, drizzly, rainy night. Part of the regiment was fighting and part sleeping in a corn-field in which were rivulets of water. We used to roll over and let the water run by, and then roll back and try to sleep again. We moved to a little mound the next morning, and there stayed for two days, during which we could obtain no water, as we supposed, save that in the horse tracks. After we had been there two days we started off and crossed over to the other side of the little mound on which we had encamped. There was as nice a spring of water as ever bubbled above the ground. We felt so annoyed at having drunk rain-water when a good, cool spring was so handy that as we marched to Pensacola we destroyed a tract of land just about one mile in width, out of pure spite.

On reaching Pensacola, we thought we were going to have a hard fight to capture the fort. We threw up intrenchments and made ready for a heavy battle; but when the time came to storm the fort we made a bold dash and found only three old, gray-headed men on guard. A more surprised company than ours was never before seen.

Lipton's Advent in America.

"During the early part of my business career," says Sir Thomas Lipton in the Strand magazine, "I became imbued with the idea that it was possible to prosper quickly in America and at the age of 16 I left home and started for the United States. I had not dared tell my father and mother, so they only knew of the great step I had taken when I had gone. Had it not been for the kindness of my fellow passengers my journey would have been very miserable and once or twice, I confess, I lost heart. I had no money nor any one to go to when I arrived in New York and before we landed I cudgeled my brains as to what I was to do. As the steamer drew alongside the pier I took up my few belongings and rushed away to the nearest hotel before any one else had left the vessel. As it seemed a clean, well-kept place, I asked to see the proprietor and told him that I could get him forty patrons provided he would board and lodge me for a month. To this he consented. I made my way back instantly to the boat and was just in time to catch my fellow passengers and persuade them to go to this hotel, where I assured them they would get excellent accommodation. And they did."

Soap Groww on Trees.

Side by side grow the soap tree and the tallow tree. The soap tree yields a product from which is manufactured the purest article of soap that is possible to be made. Indeed, the pulp of the berry is a natural soap, and will make a lather almost like the manufactured article. The soap berry tree is now creating widespread interest and the berries are being imported from Algiers and China.

It will pay to plant the trees and look after their cultivation The product of the tallow tree also enters into the making of soap, and the two together make a nice combination, and their cultivation should be looked after by those interested in new industries. Besides soap, the soap berries make a very fine oil, and when the virtues of the tallow tree are fully known, it may also yield a fine and profitable oil. The young man who naw plants out a ten or twenty-acre orchard of these two trees may drop into an easy fortune.—Ocala (Fla.) Banner.

Maori Suffragettes.

Women of the Maori tribe of New Zealand are now appearing as features of the show at the Hippodrome in New York City, and as they are educated and cultivated persons, and have the right to full suffrage in their native land, they chose three delegates to represent them at Mrs. Pankhurst's lecture in Carnegie hall recently. They were Kiri Matao, widow of an old Macri chief; Waapi, a young political leader and a prohibitionist, and Drana, who is 21, and cast her vote for the Conservatives at the last election. Englishmen in New Zealand have extended to women all the rights they themselves have, and that Mrs. Pankhurst and the English suffragettes of all sorts ask for.—Springfield Republican.

Lesson Wasted.

Work on the tower of Babel had stopped.

"What's the matter?" asked the visiting strangers.

"Oversupply of chin music," explained one of the builders. "We made too much noise with our mouths."

Thousands of years afterwards, however, men in a great occidental metropolis, utterly unmindful of the lessons of history, erected a skyscraping structure and called it the Singer building.

No Use.

"Can I interest you in the subject of noiseless sewing machines?" asked the man at the front door.

"No, sir," said the man of the house; "my daughter always sings when she's using a sewing machine, no matter what kind it is."

Then he slammed the door in the caller's face.

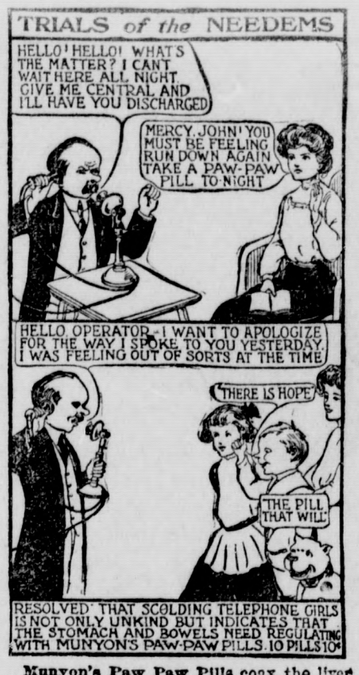
Rare Girl.

"Well, how do you like your kitchen girl?"

The caller queried. "Faugh!"

Said Mrs. Jones. "She's not to my taste—

Entirely too raw."



Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send 10 cents for trial package.

Casus Belli.

Bad Dick was finding the new boy next door unaccountably peaceable.

"You're mamma's pet, ain't yuh?" he said.

"Yep. That's me," answered the new boy.

"Don't dast to go 'way from home 'thout askin' her, do yuh?"

"Nope."

"If I was to tell yuh I could swaller a big red apple 'thout chawin' it you'd think I was lyin', wouldn't yuh?"

"O, I don't know."

"Well, I kin, durn ye! Take that!" (Biff!'—Chicago Tribune.

HAD RHEUMATISM—COULDN'T SLEEP

A lady from Oklahoma City writes: "I was sick in bed with Rheumatism; ankles swollen; couldn't sleep. Electropodes cured me. They are great." At drug stores—$1.00. No cure no pay. Write for free trial offer. Western Electropode Co., Department A, Los Angeles, Cal.

From a deposit of diamonds discovered in Pike county, Arkansas, in August, 1906, more than 700 have been taken to date.

MONEY TO BE MADE IN THE TEA AND COFFEE BUSINESS.

If you have $50.00 in cash or enough money to pay for the first order we will put you in the Tea and Coffee business as our agent in your home town and teach you how to build up a very profitable business. Address

SAN FRANCISCO COFFEE CO.
Room 921 Monadnock Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

A mercurial thermometer will not register a lower temperature than 28 below zero, while a spirit thermometer will become sluggish at 50 below.

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cents. Sample package FREE. Address the Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

A typewriter was patented in England as early as 1714.

CUT-PRICE PLUMBING SUPPLY CO.

Not owned by the trust; will sell anyone for cash. Free on board here. Send list of material and we will quote prices. 320-328 McAllister street, San Francisco.

It Told the Truth.

A countryman on a visis to Glasgow, while walking along Argyll street reading the signboards and the tickets in the shop windows, said to his companion, "Hoo can a' thae ham shops be the best and cheapest? Every yin o' them says that, and the same wi' the clothts shops, tae They are jist a lot of leears."

They continued along the street until, coming opposite a plumber's shop with a big bill in the window with the words "Cast Iron Sinks" printed in large letters on it, he exclaimed: "Well, Jock, here's yin that tells the truth at ony rate. But any half-witted fool kens that cast iron wad sink."—Tit Bits.

HOW IS YOUR APPETITE TO-DAY?

Is it keen and normal or do you have that "don't care" sort of feeling? Loss of appetite is one of the surest signs of inward weakness and if you are wise you will heed the warning promptly and take a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The system requires a certain amount of nourishment every day in order to keep up health and strength and to replace the waste portions. This can only be accomplished with a keen appetite and perfect digestion and assimilation of the food. Then again Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be taken. It will stimulate the flow of gastric juices, so essential to perfect digestion, and aid in every way possible. For over 56 years it has been used with wonderful success in cases of Poor Appetite, Heartburn, Flatulency, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Biliousness and Malaria.

The Ruling Passion.

Dr. Charles McCormick, the brilliant Chicago physician, who says that "the man with the grouch" cannot resist disease like his more contented brother, referred again to this assertion at a recent dinner.

"The man with the grouch," said he, "is gloomy, and gloominess brings on ill-health, weakness, dyspepsia. A confirmed grouch can't be got rid of. A grouchy man is governed by his grouch as a miser is governed by his meanness. And when it comes to misers."

Dr. McCormick laughed.

"A little, lean, pale miser of Pecatonica," he said, "was one evening observed fighting with the town blacksmith. Though his nose was bleeding and one eye was closed, the miser fought determinedly. The herculean blacksmith planted blow after blow but the little miser never budged an inch.

"'Run, ye fool!' hissed a friend. 'Ye stand no chance here. Run!'

"But the little miser, as he received heroically a smashing left hook, answered in a low voice:

"'Run? Nix! I've got my foot on a ten cent piece.'"

As Evinced.

Grocer—Well, Mr. Dorkins, how are you feeling over this idea of boycotting all meat products?

Customer — Perfectly reckless, Briggs; perfectly reckless. Give me four pounds of dried codfish.—Chicago Tribune.

POULTRY.

LAY OR BUST—If you will send us the name of your poultry supply dealer we will send you our poultry almanac absolutely free; worth $1.00; send a postal card for it today. Tells how to make your hens "Lay or Bust." Also about our wonderful "Lullaby" Brooders, costing only $1.50 delivered to you; money back if not satisfactory. THE PARK & POLLARD CO., 175 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.

A new automatic gun small enough to be carried in the pocket will fire its projectiles through half an inch of steel at 1000 yards, its inventor claims.

SORE EYES, weak, inflamed, red, watery and swollen eyes, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Italian Government plans to expend $20,000,000 to develop its first naval base on the Adriatic at Ancona.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A telephone stand which permits a person to carry on a long conversation without tiring his arms by holding the instruments, has been patented by a New Yorker. Adjustable clamps hold the receiver and transmitter in any desired position.

Just as the sun shines brighter after a shower, so Old Gilt Edge Whiskey tastes better after other ordinary brands.

The reclamation of the overflowed and swamp lands of the United States it is estimated would add at least $700,000,000 to the national assets, for there are more than 70,000,000 acres of such lands, the great majority of which would be made productive.

FOR SALE—Land in sonoma County. Stock, dairy, fruit and poultry farms, all sizes and prices. No better land, never failing water, no malaria. Call or write. Santa Rosa Realty Co., 636 Market St., San Francisco or Elks Bldg., Santa Rosa, Cal.

Rather Venomous.

A tenderfoot who visited the Yosemite in the old days thus related his experience: The stage driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes and immediately proceeded to make his hair stand on end.

"Venomous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venomous. Why, one day I was comin' down here drivin' a wagon when I catches sight of a snake in the brush all ready for a spring. My horses starts, an' I whips 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an' he misses the horses."

"That was lucky. But you—you—"

"Lucky? You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horses, the snake did, but he stuck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say!"

"I do say, and maybe you don't believe it, but it's a fact. He stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an' that wagon is swelled up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside and take the horses home."

Quite Different.

"I'll have to tell you," said the man in the mackintosh, "a funny thing my little 2-year-old——"

"O!" groaned the others in concert; "he's going to tell us something his bright little boy said!"

The man in the mackintosh waited until the uproar had subsided.

"You blamed fools," he said, "I was going to tell you a funny trick my little 2-year-old fox terrier does, but if you don't care to hear it you can go to thunder!"

The Patent office is some $7,000,000 ahead on revenue from patents, nearly $1,000,000 last year alone. Considering the measureless, multiplied millions of blessings and dollars from inventions, and considering the silent tragedy and despair of poor inventors, this seems like seething the lamb in its own mother's milk.—New York Press.

And a woman likes to dine in a restaurant with her husband so that he cannot blame her for the cooking.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Genuine Alarm.

"Madam, your pet dog bit my little boy in the face this morning."

"Oh, you alarm me! Had your little boy's face been antiseptically washed?"

"Of course not. I——"

"Good heavsn, woman! How could you let the little darling run such a risk! James, telephone at once for the veterinarian."—Baltimore American.

Why?

"Pop?"

"Yes, my son."

"Why is it that a rooster makes more noise crowing than a hen does cackling, and he don't even lay a corner-stone?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Explicit Enough.

Man at Lunch Counter—I'm dieting, by order of the doctor. Give me a sardine sandwich on crackers.

Waiter—Yes, sir. Soda, or oyster?

BOSS OF THE ROAD

UNION MADE OVERALLS

DEMAND THE BRAND

Neustadter Bros.

SAN FRANCISCO - NEW YORK - PORTLAND

SARATOGA CHIPS

Selected (M) Brand

Be sure you get this brand, manufactured by the

CITY OF HAMBURG CO.

San Francisco - - - - California

ALL FIRST-CLASS GROCERS HAVE THEM

You Can Have a Model Kitchen

as cool and white as a dairy. No smell, no smoke, no heat, no dust. No old-fashioned contrivances. The

New Perfection

WICK BLUE FLAME

Oil Cook-stove

is the latest practical, scientific cook-stove. It will cook the most elaborate dinner without heating the kitchen.

Boils, bakes, or roasts better than any range. Ready in a second. Extinguished in a second. Fitted with Cabinet Top, with collapsible rests, towel rack, and every up-to-date feature imaginable. You want it, because it will cook any dinner and not heat the room. No heat, no smell, no smoke, no coal to bring in, no ashes to carry out. It does away with the drudgery of cooking, and makes it a pleasure. Women with the light touch for pastry especially appreciate it, because they can immediately have a quick fire, simply by turning a handle. No half-hour preparation. It not only is less trouble than coal, but it costs less. Absolutely no smell, no smoke; and it doesn't heat the kitchen.

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

The nickel finish, with the turquoise blue of the enameled chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

TANKS TANKS

WINDELER'S

Planing Mill and Cooperage

GEO. WINDELER, Proprietor

Water Tanks, Wine Tanks, made from carefully selected stock by careful and experienced workmen. "Tanks that are well made last a long time." It will pay you to get my prices before buying.

GEO. WINDELER

144-154 Berry Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Wine Tank

Water Tank

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AGENTS WANTED

The Original, Genuine, DENNIS' EUCALYPTUS OINTMENT wants lady agents in every town. BIG PAY. Write us at 2948 Stuart Street, Berkeley, California.

CASH REGISTERS

New and second-hand National Cash Registers, and every other make, from $25 up. Sold on easy terms. Write us. The National Cash Register Company, 1038 Market St., between Taylor and Jones, San Francisco

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A fortune in old coins and stamps; send 10c for my 1910 book of information. RUBY SUPPLY HOUSE 242 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Cal.

COLLECTIONS

Does anyone owe you? We collect, everywhere, on percentage. No collection, no charge. Dean & Co., 652 Pacific Building, San Francisco.

HARDWOOD LUMBER

Oak, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, etc. Timbers, Lumber, Veneers, Oak and Maple Flooring. Dieckmann Hardwood Co., 244 California St., San Francisco.

KODAK SUPPLIES

Kodaks Expert Developing and Printing. Mail orders promptly filled. Lovick Bros., 56 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Cal.

REAL ESTATE

To Buy, to Sell or Exchange, your ranch or Oakland property; we do so; money loaned on Oakland real estate. See Oakland, the fast growing city. Laymance Real Estate Co., 1214-1216 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

HOTELS AND APARTMENTS

DEWEY HOUSE, 4th & Howard Sts., San Francisco. All modern conveniences; 200 rooms; 35c to $1 day; $2 to $5 a week. Free baths. Howard and 4th St. cars.

HOTEL BELMONT 730 Eddy Street, below Van Ness Avenue. Cafe in connection. CHAS. R. SMITH, Manager

LANGHAM HOTEL 141 Eddy St., San Fran. Centrally located. Rates: 50c to $1.50 per day, $3.00 per week and up.

WELLINGTON HOTEL. Geary and Jones; 3 blocks from St. Francis; close to everything; new hotel. All outside rooms; every one sunny; single rooms 75c, room and private bath $1 per day; per week $5.

MISCELLANEOUS

EVA FAY, Clairvoyant and Palmist. I don't ask you to have faith, but prove to you facts. 1122 Market Street, San Francisco. Readings by mail 25c with this ad.

LADIES ONLY. Our Cushion Comfort Ladies' Kid Shoes are a treat for tired feet. Cushion insoles, rubber heels and with or without tip. Sizes 2½ to 9 EEE. Sent express paid for $3.00

ROSENBERG SHOE CO.
Healdsburg, Cal.

RANCH WANTED

Wanted, small ranch. Give complete information as to soil, water, rail, etc. and improvements. R. ATTHOWE, 238 Market St., San Francisco.

WANTED

Ladies to learn Hairdressing at the California College of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture, 56½ Market, San Francisco. Send Sample for Hair Goods.

LOOK AROUND

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Lives Lost in Cartago's Ruin May Exceed 1500

San Jose, Costa Rica—About 1000 bodies have been taken from the ruins of the houses overthrown in the earthquake at Cartago. The estimate of the dead placed the number at 1500, but this may be exceeded.

Large forces which have gone to Cartago from San Jose and other points are now engaged in the rescue, and several living persons have been taken from under the piles of stones and timbers where dwellings once stood.

The number of sick and injured cannot be counted, many of them having been removed to adjoining towns and villages and since the disaster scores have died from their injuries.

Dr. Bocanegra, the Guatemalan representative to the Central American Court of Justice, was demented when removed from the ruins the day after the earthquake, but he is now recovering. Physically he was slightly injured.

Paraiso, a village of 2000 persons, about 18 miles east of San Jose, also suffered severely from the earthshocks, reports reaching here indicating that nearly 100 persons were killed. Large fissures that have opened in Cartago province have given additional cause for alarm. Ten thousand persons are homeless and severe rains and lack of food and drinking water are responsible for much suffering. It is impossible to provide shelter for the people, who are huddled together in a pitiable condition.

The ceremony attending the inauguration of Ricardo Jiminez as President of Costa Rica took place Sunday on one of the plazas of San Jose, owing to the fact that the people feared to enter the Government building.

Minister Gage Will Not Give Up Boots and Sombrero

New York.—Former Governor Henry T. Gage of California, newly appointed Minister to Portugal, sailed for his post last week, and with him went 18 pairs of high-topped boots. The former Governor's fondness for high-topped boots is well known, and before departing he told what prompted him to take so many. He said:

"When the announcement that I was appointed was printed, a man in London sent me a prospectus of women's silk stockings, lavender dancing pumps and boys' size velevt pants, and thought I would order some. It made me so angry that I sent out and had 18 pairs of top-boots made. Think I'm going to change my habits now? Not much.

"They laugh at my boots, but my boots have been good friends of mine and I don't see why I should go back on them. For the Portuguese court I got all kinds—patent leather, tan, red and ordinary black ones."

Minister Gage, who always has cultivated a preference for the sack coa instead of the frock, and for the sombrero instead of the stovepipe, has not yet changed his mode of attire. When he departed he wore his usual garb, including a low collar, with a carelessly knotted black Windsor tie.

California Congressman Urges Check on Hindu Influx

Washington. — Hindu immigration was the subject of a conference between the Commissioner General and Congressman Kahn recenty, the latter urging that more stringent regulations be established as to the character of the incoming hordes. The Congressman urged that physical weakness and moral unfitness were matters that ought to be looked into much more closely. He said that stealing and begging were becoming a common offense of the Hindus, and he argued that their unrestricted immigration was rapidly developing into a serious menace. Kahn pointed out that though subjects of the same empire, the Hindus are denied landing at Canadian ports unless each emigrant can produce $30. He thought that the United States Government should establish an equally eliminative test at least, and that the example of Canada afforded ample justification should any question of discrimination arise.

Governor Has No Power to Stop Jeffries-Johnson Match

Sacramento.—In response to scores of letters received at the Governor's office every day urging that Governor Gillett stop the Jeffries-Johnson fight on July 4, E. Forrest Mitchell, executive secretary to the Governor, has sent out answers saying that the Governor is helpless to interfere. The letters were addressed to religious organizations in many parts of the State. In the letter Mitchell says: "The Governor is not in favor of prize fights. He has never attended one in his life and says that he never will. However, under the laws of California, I believe he is powerless to prevent or suppress this so-called boxing contest, because the law allows such contests if the necessary permit to be obtained has been granted by the local authorities. In this instance, I understand, this permit has been granted."

President Taft Says He Wants to Encourage Baseball

St. Louis.—President Taft the other day paid a tribute to baseball. "The game," he said, "is a clean, straight game, and it summons to its presence everybody who enjoys clean, straight athletics. It furnishes amusement to thousands and thousands. I like it for two reasons: First, because I enjoy it myself; and second, because if by the presence of the chief magistrate such a healthy amusement can be encouraged, I want to encourage it."

PITHY RESUME OF EVENTS OF ENTIRE WORLD

Brief Paragraphs That Give Busy Readers Review of Week's Happenings.

Summary of News Gathered by Correspondents Located in Every Quarter of the Globe.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Mrs. Lucy Phillips, colored, a former slave, is dead at her home here, aged 106 years. She was the oldest woman in the State.

St. Paul.—Herbert E. Keller, Republican, defeated H. G. Haas, Democrat, for mayor of St. Paul by a plurality of about 5000. St. Paul has not had a Republican mayor for 14 years.

Tokio.—Aomori, a flourishing seaport on the north shore of Japan was visited recently by a conflagration which destroyed two-thirds of the town. The census of 1900 gave Aomori a population of 15,000.

Redding, Conn.—The will of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), filed for probate here last week, leaves the entire estate to the surviving daughter, Clara Langhorne Clemens, wife of Ossip Gabrilowitch. The amount of the estate is not given.

Forest City, Iowa.—George Tardy, a lion keeper, was seriously injured here during a circus parade when an enraged male lion sprang upon him and bore him to the floor of the cage. One arm was almost torn from his body and his throat and back were terribly lacerated.

New Orleans.—Joseph Vauthier was acquitted on the charge of bigamy after his attorney made a plea for acquittal on the ground that the defendant was the father of nine children. The nine children were in court. No attempt was made to controvert the fact that Vauthier had illegally married his second wife.

London.—Sir Christopher Furness, the ship owner, who, as a Liberal, has represented the constituencies of Hartlepool in Parliament since 1900, has been unseated by the court and his recent election declared void on the ground that there had been an illegal employment of demonstrators and payments made through his agents.

Washington. — Ninety-two sail and steam vessels were added to the merchant marine of the United States during April according to the Department of Commerce and Labor. Nine of these vessels were built of steel and their total tonnage aggregates 29,125 tons. The other 83 ships were of wooden construction and aggregated 3080 tons.

Norwich, N. Y.—Frank J. Dedrich, a farmer of Oxford, N. Y., has developed a breed of hen which lays black eggs. He produced this result, he says, by feeding the hens with fine coal dust. The shells have been analyzed and found to contain particles of coal dust. According to Dedrich experiments are now being made to determine the value of the shell as fuel.

Tacoma, Wash.—Attorney Lefevbre, for Charles J. Wezler, found guilty of murder in the second degree for the killing of Mrs. Frederick Schulz on April 4, said his client would probably not live many months. The excitement of the trial had kept him up, but now Wezler is in a serious condition, due to chronic Bright's disease. Wezler was captured in San Francisco a few weeks ago.

Washington. — Estimating that the population of the United States May 2, was 90,123,000, the treasury figures that the per capita circulation of money on that date was $34.45. This is a loss for the month of April of 42 cents and is explained by the large exports of gold during that month, amounting to about $30,000,000. The amount of money in circulation May 2 was $3,104,547,273.

London—Before a vast audience at Royal Albert Hall the Royal Geographical Society presented Commander Robert E. Peary with the special gold medal of the society and through its president welcomed the American explorer as "the first and only human being who ever led a party of his fellow creatures to a pole of the earth." A silver replica of the medal was presented to Captain Robert A. Bartlett.

Memphis, Tenn.—Mayor Edward H. Crump was arrested a few days ago charged with expectorating on the tiled floor of the new two million dollar court house. Mayor Crump, who was inaugurated in January last, recently started an anti-spitting crusade and ordered police officers to arrest any one expectorating on the streets and on the floors of the street cars and public buildings. The mayor was fined $5, which he paid.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

COLMA-VISTA GRANDE AERIE, No. 1848 F. O. E. meets every Thursday evening in Colma Hall at 8:30 p. m
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